

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL

Archæological Report

1924-1925

By DR. R. B. ORR

BEING PART OF

Appendix to the
Report of the Minister of Education
Ontario

PRINTED BY ORDER OF
THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF ONTARIO



TORONTO

Printed and Published by the Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty

This Volume

R970.1

On8

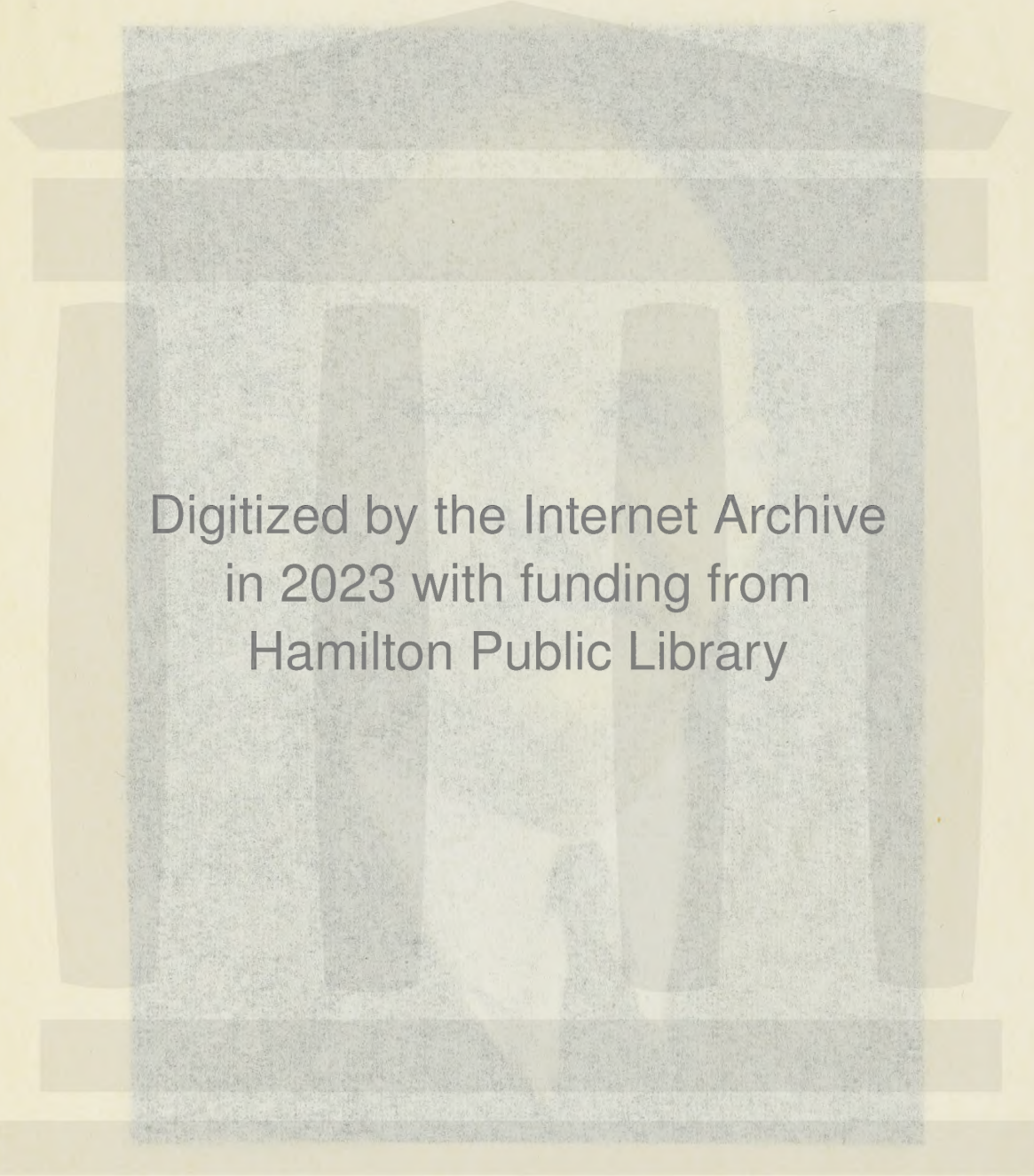
1924-1925

CESC

Special Collections
Hamilton Public Library



THE HONOURABLE G. H. FERGUSON, B.A., K.C., LL.B.
Prime Minister of Ontario and Minister of Education



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Hamilton Public Library

THE HONOURABLE G. H. FERGUSON, B.A., B.C., LL.B.
Prime Minister of Ontario and Member of Parliament

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL

Archæological Report

1924-1925

By DR. R. B. ORR

BEING PART OF

Appendix to the
Report of the Minister of Education
Ontario

PRINTED BY ORDER OF
THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF ONTARIO



ONTARIO

TORONTO

Printed and Published by the Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty



PRESENTATION

TO THE HONOURABLE G. H. FERGUSON, B.A., K.C., LL.B.,
Minister of Education.

SIR,—I have the honour to present to you, herewith, the Thirty-fifth Annual Archæological Report of the Ontario Provincial Museum.

The additions made to the Museum since the last Report was issued in the archæological department are sixteen hundred artifacts. There were large additions also in the biological and historical departments of the Museum.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ROWLAND B. ORR,

Director.

Toronto, December 31st, 1927.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Hon. G. H. Ferguson, B.A., K.C., LL.B.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Presentation.....	3
Foreword.....	7
The Religion of our Pre-Columbian Indians—R.B.O.....	9
Certain Beliefs of the Bella Coola Indians Concerning Animals. By Prof. T. F. McIlwraith	17
The Technique of Certain Aboriginal Cords. By W. J. Wintemberg.....	28
Michipicoten. By William P. F. Ferguson, A.B., B.D.....	31
Ojibwa Myths and Tales (Seventh paper). By Col. Geo. E. Laidlaw.....	34
Brant's Rifle.....	81
New Accessions to Museum.....	84
Selections.....	107
New Material.....	114
Obituary—C. W. Nash	124

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Pipe stems with cord and other impressions.....	29
Brant's rifle.....	82
Pottery.....	84-85
Gouge.....	86
Pipes and boat stone.....	87
Butterfly banner stone.....	88
Bird amulets and stone tube.....	89
Clay pipes.....	90
Effigy clay pipes.....	91
Chert implements.....	92
Drills.....	93
Ceremonial stone.....	95
Gorget.....	96
Stone serpent.....	97
Stone snake.....	98
Stone owl.....	99
Unfinished stone pipe.....	100
Clay and stone pipes.....	101
Stone pipes.....	102
Unfinished stone pipe.....	103
Gorget.....	103
Ceremonial stone.....	105
Skull.....	106

INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
THE RELIGION OF OUR PRE-COLUMBIAN INDIANS:		Chekanbash and the Three Brothers..	45
The dances of the Crees, Ojibways, Iroquois and Algonquins.....	9	John Toby, and the first Motor he saw	46
Rev. Joen Auren, a Swedish missionary	9	Pupukeewis.....	47
University of Upsal.....	9	Chekanbash and the Sun.....	47
Indians chief's address.....	9	Ojibwa and Mohawk (No. 33).....	48
Mackenzie, an extensive traveller among the Cree Indians.....	10	Giants—Why people do not eat each other nowadays.....	48
Religion consists of certain incantations, dances and sorcery.....	12	Onjishkung.....	50
Animals are supposed to be endowed with a soul.....	12	Weescayjok and the Lions.....	50
Cliff Dwellers of Mesa Verde.....	13	North, South, East and West, also the Origin of Roads.....	52
Mound Builders.....	13	Ojibwa and Mohawk (No. 34).....	53
Sacerdotal order of Mexico.....	13	Medoss and Bad Man.....	53
Iroquois.....	13	Why trees are struck by Lightning....	54
False-faces.....	13	The Great Mosquito.....	54
The Blackfeet were firm believers....	13	The Father who tries to get his Son killed.....	55
The Sun-dance.....	14	Ojibwa and Mohawk (No. 35).....	56
Religious excitement.....	14	Wamesaqua and the Bears.....	56
The Ghost-dance.....	14	Chebstodin.....	57
Captain Carver.....	14	The Skunk and certain other Animals.	58
Their ceremonies and doctrines.....	14	Windigo Story (No. 18).....	60
The priests of the Indians.....	15	Saving Others.....	60
		Lice.....	61
CERTAIN BELIEFS OF THE BELLA COOLA INDIANS CONCERNING ANIMALS:		Keonwe.....	61
North Bentinck Arm.....	17	The White Deer and why Deer lose their Horns in Winter.....	62
Alexander Mackenzie.....	17	Animal and Bird Lore.....	63
Tallio people.....	17	The Origin of the Chicadee and its Spring Cry.....	63
Kimsquit.....	17	Witch Story (No. 71).....	65
Mythical monsters.....	22	The Italian who worked and trapped on Sunday.....	66
THE TECHNIQUE OF CERTAIN ABORIGINAL CORDS:		Peter Nipple, or Peter Cut Nose.....	66
Vegetal fibres.....	28	Why the Wolf is not friendly with the Fox.....	67
Aboriginal technology.....	28	The Lion and the Squaw.....	67
Cord impressions in the stem hole....	28	The Story of a Serpent who lived with a Squaw.....	68
MICHIPICOTEN:		The Serpent and the Squaw.....	68
Michipicoten Island.....	31	Witch Story (No. 72).....	69
Isle Royale.....	31	Windigo Story.....	69
Mound Builders.....	31	The Indian who killed Three Squaws..	70
Franklin-Isle Royale expedition.....	31	Witch Story (No. 73).....	70
Ancient mines or town sites.....	32	The Black Fox.....	71
OJIBWA MYTHS AND TALES:		The Oriole.....	72
The first who saw a car (Motor).....	35	Serpent Story (No. 16).	73
The Big Eater.....	36	The Two Squaws.....	73
The Man who never sleeps.....	36	Windigo Story (No. 20).....	74
Manitou's Serpent Story.....	36	Why Indians have a poor education..	74
Why the Porcupine lives alone.....	36	Why we have cars, boats and aeroplanes.....	75
A Bridge made by the Devil.....	37	The Elm Tree.....	76
How the Bear got his short tail.....	37	Souls.....	76
The unfaithful Wife.....	39	Witch Story (No. 74).....	78
Witch Story (No. 69).....	40	The Two Men caught a Witch.....	78
Witch Story (No. 70).....	42	The Story of a Young Man.....	79
Ojibwa and Mohawk (No. 32).....	42	The Indians.....	79
Chekanbash and Mesanba.....	43	The Boy and the Devil.....	79
Chekanbash and the Whale.....	43	The Indian and the Devil.....	80
Chekanbash kills a Family.....	44	The Old Folks.....	80
		The Boy, the Fox and the Reindeer...	80

FOREWORD

"Paleolithic man has left indubitable records of religious practices. The oldest records that have been preserved relate to provision for the dead. Mousterian man, whose ideas of art were so primitive as to escape detection, took pains to bury his dead. He evidently believed in a hereafter, one however that was material, since food was buried with the departed, presumably to meet material needs. In a hereafter like the present life there would be need of tools and weapons; these also were buried with the dead.

The Aurignacian and later races developed the burial rite further. They had other ways also of leaving imperishable records of religious practices, chief among them being art. Religion is older than art and may have served as the fertile soil in which art first took root, but as a means of tangible and imperishable religious expression, art justly claims first place.

The Paleolithic hunter, however capable he might have been mentally, had neither the time nor the solidarity of intellectual environment necessary to solve subtle problems of philosophy."

GEORGE GRANT MACCURDY.

THE RELIGION OF OUR PRE-COLUMBIAN INDIANS

R. B. O.

In the religion of our pre-Columbian Indians, amongst the semi-civilized nations of the world, the opinion prevailed that there were beings superior to themselves, who managed, by their power and wisdom, the affairs of this world. The religion of the Indians was very simple, for it consisted of few doctrines and fewer ceremonies. The Supreme Deity they called the Great Spirit, whose power they believed to be infinite; and to him they ascribed their victories in the field of battle, and their successes in the chase. After the fashion of nearly all pre-historic races, the Huron-Iroquois and Algonquin Indians were religious people. Their tribes held religious festivals, at particular seasons of the year, which were observed with forms of worship, dances, and games.

Dancing was a form of worship among the American aborigines, and formed a part of their ceremonies at all festivals. In no part of the earth, amongst semi-civilized people, had the dance received a more studied development. Every tribe had from ten to thirty sets of dances, each of which had its own name. Some of them, such as the war-dance, were common to all tribes. The dances of the Crees, Ojibways, Iroquois, and Algonquins, were the same in general character, in step, plan and music; and the same is true of the dances of the Aztecs, as far as they are accurately known.

To each Indian the material world was sentient and intelligent. Birds, beasts, and reptiles, had ears for human prayers, and were endowed with an influence on human destiny. A mysterious and inexplicable power resided in inanimate things. The lake had a soul, and so had the river, and the cataract. A belief prevailed that men themselves owed their first parentage to beasts, birds, and reptiles, such as bears, wolves, or tortoises; and the names of the totemic clans, borrowed in nearly every case from animals, are the very reflection of this idea.

Besides ascribing life and intelligence to the material world, animate and inanimate, the Indian believed in supernatural existences, known among the Algonquins as Manitous, and among the Iroquois and Hurons as Okies. Each primitive Indian had his guardian Manitou, to whom he looked for guidance and protection. Close examination makes it evident that the primitive Indian's idea of a Supreme Being was a conception no higher than might have been expected. The moment he began to contemplate this object of his faith, and sought to clothe it with attributes, it became finite, and commonly ridiculous.

The religion of our Indians was probably derived from the southern races. Their ability to discuss religion is very well shown in a speech by an Indian chief, in 1699, in response to an address given to a band of Indians in Kanastoge, by the Rev. Joen Auren, a Swedish missionary, who delivered to them a lecture. It was responded to by an Indian Mohawk chief for the tribe, and his speech was taken down and translated by the parson, and transmitted to the University of Upsal, whence we procured a copy of the same.* The Indian chief's address to the people is as follows:—

“Hitherto it has not been heard that a proposal has been made to us on the subject of adopting Christianity. Now for the first time that is being tried, and it is necessary that we consider whether we must spurn it or give our atten-

*Translated from the Latin by E. O. Mitchell, B.A., Dublin University.

tion to it, according as to whether it is worth nothing, or of some importance. Under which of these categories Christianity ought to be entered will not easily appear, until first there has been established for us its judgment on certain matters that shall now be mentioned by me. Since then it is reported that our salvation turns on this, it is important for us to know right at the start what our condition is in his (missionary's) eyes; and whether he desires all of us to be altogether damned with our fathers, in so far as they were like ourselves, with no hope of safety. If it is so, he will be saying something cruel and is quite unreliable. Don't we know that our fathers, like ourselves, have lived in the hope that by well-doing they should be acceptable to the Deity, and that, after death, they should enter a state of blessedness; and that is why, with such intense eagerness of spirit, we try hard to achieve righteousness of life. Surely we and our ancestors are not mistaken in this. I do not think so; for we are confident that our good God does not suffer the prudent and the righteous to be disappointed in the hope that he himself has put in their hearts. For from him the hope, that has been put within us, has its existence, nor does it fade away, as indeed it would, if it were a figment of our own faculties. Far be it that we should say that the testimony of God is at nought. At this point his opinion must be heard on the subject of the divine revelation; surely he does not think that God does not reveal himself to every individual in so far as is sufficient to that individual's salvation. Does he think that we're to admit of no revelation except that made in words? Whence is it, then, that we know that the good we do is acceptable before God; whence is it that we have our hope? At least these things are all we have, by no written word have they become known to us, nor from any quarter by means of strangers. The revelation has been made to us by our own good God. Now, if it has been made by Him, in any case it is sufficient: for we consider that this is the criterion of divine actions, that they should be sufficient and bring salvation, or what good would the revelation be if it were insufficient. Then not even those who act ill would undergo torment, the kind of people, I mean, that we consider are eternally to be tormented after death, for torture would be cruel if inflicted on a man to whom the way of salvation has not been opened. It is our idea that all have a sufficiency of light, but it is in accordance with the will of the Deity, not indeed from necessity in the matter of salvation, that this is made manifest to some in this manner, to others in that, to these in more abundance, to those in less. As to the claim of certain men that they know the word of God—the difference between them and us does not consist in this very matter of salvation, which has been offered to both parties sufficiently, but in the peculiar method and degree of salvation. They, inasmuch as the method and degree have been more illuminating to them, have more gifts, of which they will render account. If God willed that so great a knowledge of our salvation was essential, assuredly his goodness would not have deferred it so long as to the present (time). About His will we have no doubt in a matter so essential. It is an absurd and blasphemous saying that it was impossible for Him to reveal Himself equally to all at the same time, once and forever. Many things have been put in writing—are they all true? Suppose those are true which they (Christians) have in writing, yet they were given to him (missionary) and do not concern us; in no other way should we be convinced and the revelation that we have is sufficient for us. That which God wishes to manifest can be made manifest without the help of man, nor does it require the testimony of man.

But finally, about the providence of God, it is our pleasure to ask what intelligence he (missionary) brings us; he will not deny, I imagine, that we

are the work of God: we believe that His own work is of the utmost importance to God. For to what end would He create us if He did not care for us and did not well provide for us. To say that he allowed us to continue in error for so long an interval of time and without remedy would be to stigmatize Him with the brand of tyranny. We have a better conception of our good God, and we would consider one who teaches otherwise to be blasphemous. If He has cared in a smaller thing, the less will He omit it in a greater: it is through His care that right from the beginning, afar off through many generations up to these present times, our name has been preserved; it has never been destroyed by enemies, it has not been brought to nothing. Under His care we enjoy life, livelihood, and all things necessary to our life; but in the matter of salvation, which is a much greater thing than all this,—would He abandon us in this? Such a thought is absurd. Suppose God has abandoned us, what then would be the reason of it. It would be some crime on our part, or some crime of our fathers. Even as he (the missionary) has just now told us, God has abandoned other people in such a way, yet then he, who has committed the fault, alone ought to be punished. Furthermore, who will say the time has now expired up to which God is willing to execute such a judgment upon us; who knows whether now at length He wishes to allow His will to be declared to us. When, in the matter of salvation, the anger of God begins, it knows no end. The punishments, however, as they are temporary, do not exist except in a temporary cause.

Perchance the judgment of God will endure against us for ever, and in that case we shall strive to be converted in vain, in like manner as our fathers; who, we know, were kindled with so great a desire to please God, and yet obtained no more knowledge of the way than we have to this day. We shall endeavour to be followers of them in their zeal. He would be a braggart that thought himself better than his fathers. Truly we live in error and under punishment, but not in utter abandonment. Again, surely there are not others better than we are. But if there are not, how could the goodness of God pass us by? Will not God distribute His equal goodness to equal desert? Surely it would not agree with His goodness and providence to have men born and live in order to sin and to perish for ever, and yet to provide no remedy for them by which to be saved, even although they desired salvation with the same desire with which we know our parents aspired for it by their good actions. We believe that during all time God greatly cares for our salvation. If, up to this time, we remain in error, then in so long a time His care has in no wise been manifest. Granted that the Christians know more, yet their knowledge is for the most part common to all mankind. In the actual worship of God, we have found them inferior to ourselves. Therefore, owing to their way of life, we have abhorred their doctrines as erroneous, that God may not think that an opportunity of reformation and enlightenment has been offered to us from this source.

These are the things about which we ought to learn his (missionary) opinion. Now, if he supports our view, his proposal is superfluous, but if he contradicts our opinion he is a fool, and we would not listen to him. But if he brings us some tidings hitherto unknown to us, and expounds them clearly to us, so that we can understand that what he says has some value, we gladly admit him; for we shall easily be persuaded that he can tell us many things. Moreover, from his speech we conclude whether he is bringing in anything which agrees with what is right and good. But if he prohibits drunkenness, breach of friendship, adultery, and other vices known by name to us, but for the most part not so clear and unmistakably evident to us, he is an honest man. And if his

king, as he says, has so much consideration for us as to spend money for our instruction free of charge, his kindness will be wonderful, nor, perchance, will any other opportunity, so good, offer itself."

To all the inferior deities, whether good or malevolent, the Huron-Iroquois and the Algonquins made various kinds of offerings. "To propitiate the God of the Waters," says Charlevoix, "they cast into the streams and lakes, tobacco, and birds which they have put to death. In honour of the Sun, and also the inferior Spirits, they consume in the fire a part of everything they use, as an acknowledgment of the power from which they have derived these possessions. On some occasions, they have been observed to make libations, invoking at the same time, in a mysterious manner, the object of their worship. These invocations they have never explained; whether it be, that they have in fact no meaning, or that the words have been transmitted by tradition, unaccompanied by their signification, or that the Indians themselves are unwilling to reveal the secret."

It is also stated by Mackenzie, who was an extensive traveller among the Cree Indians, "there are certain periods, such as the spring and autumn, when they engage in very long and solemn ceremonies. Dogs are offered as sacrifices, and those which are fat are preferred. They also make large offerings of their property, whatever it may be."

The savage is intimately associated with animals. From them he obtains the larger part of his clothing, and much of his food, and he carefully studies their habits and finds out many wonderful things. Their knowledge and skill and power appear to him to be superior to his own. He sees the mountain sheep so fleet of foot among the crags, the eagle soaring in the heavens, the humming-bird poised over its blossom-cup of nectar, the serpents swift without legs, the salmon scaling the rapid, the spider weaving its gossamer web, the ant building a play-house mountain—in all animal nature he sees things too wonderful for him, and from admiration he grows to adoration, and the animals become his gods.

On winter nights the Indians gather about a camp-fire, and then the doings of the gods are recounted in many a mythic tale—tales, prepared by the impassioned orator, of the history of the clan, for every tribe has one or more persons skilled in the relation of these stories. The long winter evenings are set apart for this purpose. Then the men and women, the boys and girls, gather about the camp-fire to listen to the history of the ancients, to a chapter in the unwritten bible of savagery.

Their whole religion consists of certain incantations, dances, and sorcery, which they have recourse to, it seems, either to procure the necessaries of life or to get rid of an enemy.

Among primitive people all animals are supposed to be endowed with a soul. In many cases the souls of human beings have transmigrated into animals. Hence, among many of our wildest tribes, a likeness has been recognized between an animal and some deceased relative or friend, and the animal has been addressed as the person would have been, and has been honoured, on account of such resemblance, with an adoration, which, among primitive peoples, is equivalent to worship.

Some of them imagine a paradise abounding in blueberries, as large as the largest grapes. They had a tolerably good flavour, and for this reason the souls liked them. The souls do nothing but dance after their departure from this life, and the majority of Indians imagine that the soul is insensible after it has left the body, and, as a general rule, all believe that it is immortal. Some savages are said to have two or three souls.

The religions of the Indians of North America have probably a common origin. That of our Indians came probably from the Cliff Dwellers of Mesa Verde, who were a civilized and clever race, building some elegant houses and temples. Their knowledge extended to the Mound Builders, who built extensive mounds, crowned by temples for religious worship. Many of them represented serpent mounds, several of which are to be found in Ontario and in the West. These serpent mounds, without doubt, were used for religious purposes, as all Indians worshipped the serpent, the fire, and the sun; but the highest development in religious culture was reached in Mexico and Peru.

Prescott mentions that the sacerdotal order of Mexico was very numerous, as may be inferred from the statement that five thousand priests were in one way or another attached to the principal temples of the capital of Mexico. The various ranks and functions of this multitudinous body were discriminated with great exactness. Those best instructed in music took the management of the choirs. Others arranged the festivals conformably to the calendar. Some superintended the education of youths, and others had charge of the hieroglyphical paintings and oral traditions; while the dismal rites of sacrifices were reserved for the chief dignitaries of the order. At the head of the whole establishment were two high-priests, elected from the order, as it would seem, by the king and principal nobles, without reference to birth, and solely for their qualifications. The priests were each devoted to the service of some particular deity, and had quarters provided within the spacious precincts of their temple, while engaged in immediate attendance there. Their great cities were divided into districts, placed under the charge of a sort of parochial clergy, who regulated every act of religion within their precincts. It is remarkable that they administered the rites of confession and absolution. The secrets of the confessional were inviolable.

Charlevoix mentions the fact of some of the tribes in Canada fasting in order that they might have dreams about the animals they were going to hunt, in which they saw the animals and the place where they were to be found. When they had decided to go to war, the leader consulted his familiar spirit in dreams. After starting on the warpath, before entering the territory of the enemy, they held a great feast, and then went to sleep. Those who had dreams went from tent to tent and fire to fire, singing their death songs, in which were incorporated their dreams. After the ceremony was concluded, no more fires were lighted and no one spoke except by signs.

Among the Iroquois there prevailed a belief in a race of demons called False-faces, who possessed the power to injure the living. In order to propitiate these evil spirits there was formed a secret organization, called the False-face band. Any persons desirous of becoming a member of this organization must have had a dream to that effect, and then give a feast, having informed the proper person of his dream; and the same steps were necessary for anyone who was anxious to cease being a member. When a sick person dreamed that he saw a False-face, it was interpreted that it was through the agency of the band of False-faces that he was to be cured.

The Blackfeet were firm believers in the supernatural and in the control of human affairs by both Good and Evil Powers in the invisible world. The Great Spirit, or Great Mystery, or Good Power, was everywhere and in everything—mountains, plains, winds, waters, trees, birds and animals. Whether animals have mind and the reasoning faculty was a matter of no doubt with the Blackfeet, for they believed that all animals received their endowment of power from the Sun, differing in degree, but the same in kind as that received

by man, and all things animate and inanimate. Some birds and animals, such as the grizzly bear, buffalo, beaver, wolf, eagle, and raven, were worshipped, because they possessed a larger amount of Good Power than the others, and so, when a Blackfoot was in trouble or peril, he naturally prayed to them for assistance.

The Sun, as the great centre of power and the upholder of all things, was the Blackfeet's supreme object of worship. He saw that every bud and leaf and blossom turned its face towards the Sun, as the source of its life and growth; that the berries he ate, reddened and ripened under its warmth; that men and animals thrived under its sustaining light, but all perished when it was withdrawn.

The Sun-dance was not, as has been commonly believed, "merely an occasion for the self-torture of youths, who were candidates for admission to the full standing of warriors." It was, on the contrary, their great annual religious festival, their holy sacrament, the supreme expression of their religion. The spirit-land is for all. The native races, in their primitive theology, have only one place for all the dead. There is no distinction made between the good and the bad, and, consequently, no hell and heaven in accordance with the definitions of Christian theology.

The red man is superstitious, like the savage races of other lands, but none the less honest in his religious convictions. His religious belief enters into all the concerns of camp life, and tinges every thought and custom in the lodge, on the warpath, and in the council. His traditions, local and general, are affected by his environment, and these again exert an abiding influence upon his religious opinions.

On the whole, the Indians incline strongly toward all forms of religious excitement. This is demonstrated not only by the exuberant development of ancient religious forms, but also by the frequency with which prophets have appeared among them, who taught new doctrines and new rites, based either on older religious beliefs, or on teaching—partly of Christian, partly of Indian origin. Perhaps the best known of these forms of religion is the Ghost-dance, which swept over a large part of the continent during the last decade of the 19th century. But the prophets of similar type and far-reaching influence were numerous. One of these was Tenskwatawa, the famous brother of Tecumseh; another, the seer Smohalla of the Pacific Coast; and even among the Eskimos such prophets have been known, particularly in Greenland.

The following description of Indian religion is given by Captain Carver, who travelled through the western part of Canada and came in contact with the Naudowessies, the Crees, and the Chippewas. The information he received from them was largely procured before their contact with the whites. He spent two years, from 1766, in those regions for the British Government.

"It is very difficult to attain a perfect knowledge of the religious principles of the Indians. Their ceremonies and doctrines have been so often ridiculed by the Europeans, that they endeavour to conceal them; and, if, after the greatest intimacy, you desire any of them to explain to you their system of religion, to prevent your ridicule, they intermix with it many of the tenets they have received from the French missionaries, so that it is at last rendered an unintelligible jargon, and not to be depended upon.

Such as I could discover among the Naudowessies (for they also were very reserved on this point) I shall give my readers, without paying any attention to the accounts of others. As the religion of that people, from their situation, appears to be unadulterated, we shall be able to gain from their religious customs a more perfect idea of the original tenets and ceremonies of the Indians in general,

than from those of any nations that approach nearer to the settlements. It is certain they acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all things. The Chippewas call this Being Manitou, or Kitchi Manitou; the Naudowessies, Wakon or Tongo-Wakon, that is, the Great Spirit; and they look up to him as the source of good, from whom no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad spirit, to whom they ascribe great power, and suppose that through his means all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him therefore do they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

They say that the Great Spirit, who is infinitely good, neither wishes nor is able to do any mischief to mankind; but, on the contrary, that he showers down on them all the blessings they deserve; whereas the evil spirit is continually employed in contriving how he may punish the human race; and, to do this, he is not only possessed of the will, but of the power.

They hold also that there are good spirits of a lesser degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of nature, such as those lakes, rivers, or mountains that are of an uncommon magnitude; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables, or stones that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity. To all of these they pay some kind of adoration. Thus when they arrive on the borders of Lake Superior, on the banks of the Mississippi, or at any other great body of water, they present to the Spirit who resides there some kind of offering, as the prince of the Winnebagoes did when he attended me to the Falls of St. Anthony.

But at the same time I fancy that the ideas they annex to the word spirit, are very different from the conceptions more enlightened nations entertain of it. They appear to fashion to themselves corporeal representations of their gods, and believe them to be of a human form, though of a nature more excellent than man.

Of the same kind are their sentiments relative to a futurity. They doubt not but that they will exist in some future state; they however fancy that their employments there will be similar to those they are engaged in here, without the labour and difficulties annexed to them in this period of their existence.

They consequently expect to be translated to a delightful country, where they shall always have a clear unclouded sky, and enjoy a perpetual spring; where the forests will abound with game, and the lakes with fish, which might be taken without a painful exertion of skill, or a laborious pursuit; in short, that they shall live forever in regions of plenty, and enjoy every gratification they delight in here, but in a greater degree.

The priests of the Indians are at the same time their physicians, and their conjurers; they heal their wounds or cure their diseases, they interpret their dreams, give them protective charms, and satisfy that desire which is so prevalent among them of searching into futurity.

How well they execute the latter part of their professional engagements, and the methods they make use of on some of these occasions, I have already shown in the exertions of the priest of the Crees, who was fortunate enough to succeed in his extraordinary attempt near Lake Superior. They frequently are successful, likewise, in administering the salubrious herbs they have acquired a knowledge of, but that the ceremony, which they make use of during the administration of them, contributes to their success, I shall not take upon me to assert.

When any of the people are ill, the person who is invested with this triple character of doctor, priest, and magician, sits by the patient day and night, rattling in his ears a gourd-shell filled with dry beans, called a Chichicoue, which makes a disagreeable noise that cannot be well described.

The Indians appear to be, in their religious principles, rude and un-instructed. The doctrines they hold are few and simple, and such as have been generally impressed on the human mind, by some means or other, in the most ignorant ages.

The Indians, however, entertain these absurdities in common with those people of every part of the globe who have not been illumined by that religion which alone can disperse the clouds of superstition and ignorance, and they are as free from error as any people can be, who have not been favoured with its instructive doctrines."

CERTAIN BELIEFS OF THE BELLA COOLA INDIANS CONCERNING ANIMALS

T. F. McILWRAITH, M.A. (Cantab.)

Assistant Professor of Anthropology in the University of Toronto

PHONETIC SYSTEM (1)

VOWELS

a,	as in	<i>father</i> .
ä,	"	<i>hat</i> .
e,	"	<i>fate</i> .
i,	"	<i>pique</i> .
o,	"	<i>note</i> .
u,	"	<i>rule</i> .
α,	"	<i>but</i> .
ε,	"	<i>met</i> .
ι,	"	<i>hit</i> .
υ,	"	<i>put</i> .

CONSONANTS

p, t, k, d, l, m, n, s, w, y, h,	as in English.
q,	velar <i>k</i> .
p', t', k', q',	aspirated surds.
p̣, ṭ, ḳ, q̣,	glottalized stops.
ḳ,	anterior palatal <i>k</i> .
B, D,	intermediate between surd and sonant.
dj,	as in <i>jam</i> .
c,	as in <i>shell</i> .
L,	spirantal l.
tL,	<i>t</i> +L.
ṭL,	glottalized tL.
x,	as in Scottish, <i>loch</i> .
x̣,	velar <i>x</i> , as in German, <i>ach</i> .
x̣,	anterior palatal <i>x̣</i> , as in German <i>ich</i> .

·, for example, *a*·, or *t*·, indicates lengthening of preceding noun or consonant.

' indicates a glottal stop.

* * * *

The Indians to whom the term Bella Coola is commonly applied formerly inhabited the valley of the Bella Coola River, and the shore of North Bentinck Arm in central British Columbia. So far as is known, the first white man to come in contact with them was Alexander Mackenzie, who passed through their country to reach the Pacific on his memorable journey across Canada in 1797. At that time the inhabitants lived in villages extending up forty miles of river valley, and the population must have been several thousands. Since then, disease has played its fell part, and some three hundred survivors are all that remain of this once populous tribe. They now live on a reserve near the mouth of the Bella Coola River. Closely akin to them are the Indians living on South Bentinck Arm, the Tallio people, and the inhabitants of the head of Dean Channel and the rivers flowing into it, the so-called Kimsquit. The languages of these three groups differ but slightly, their beliefs are almost identical, and the people regard themselves as closely akin in every respect. It

(1) Based on the simpler system described in *Phonetic Transcription of Indian Languages*. (Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, Vol. 66, No. 6, Washington, 1916, pp. 2-7.)

is, accordingly, justifiable to speak of them as a tribe, terming it Bella Coola from the name of the most important section. They are an isolated northern enclave of Salish-speaking people separated from other Indians of the same linguistic stock by tribes using Wakashan and Athabaskan languages.

The most complete account of the Bella Coola is given by Boas in his "Mythology of the Bella Coola Indians" (Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition, Vol. 2, Part 2). This account contains a valuable collection of myths describing the creation of the Bella Coola world, and the anthropomorphic beings which play such a prominent part in the lives of the people.

The writer made two trips to Bella Coola between the years 1922 and 1924 on behalf of the Victoria Memorial Museum, (now the National Museum of Canada), Department of Mines, Ottawa. The information given in this paper was all obtained during these two periods of investigation.⁽¹⁾

Like most Indians, and in fact like most so-called "primitive" peoples, the Bella Coola live in a world where the supernatural is all-pervasive. Not only are the forests, rivers, and mountains of their native country inhabited by numerous beings possessing supernormal power which may deal either weal or woe, but every thought and action of the older people is permeated with the supernatural. A sudden idea is caused by the will of a supernatural being, a dream is full of importance, the peculiar action of a dog has its significance; in fact, the whole trend of life depends on the supernatural in a way that is difficult for a white man to comprehend.

Many of the Bella Coola are hunters and as such are well acquainted with the wild animals of central British Columbia. They ascribe to them, however, such powers and capabilities that they merge imperceptibly with creatures of the imagination. Stories concerning the latter, handed down from time immemorial, have been accepted with absolute conviction until the existence of strange monsters has become a living reality. The following is a short account of the more interesting beliefs of this kind.

One of the most dreaded animals known to the Bella Coola is the *sn̓n̓q*, a creature about the size of a grizzly bear, with beautiful, long, silky hair, blue grey in colour. It walks on its short hind legs, in an almost upright position, with its long forelegs touching the ground at intervals; these terminate in sharp talons, resembling, but larger than, those of an eagle. These animals have no tails. Their great strength lies in ability to reverse their eye-balls, causing blinding beams to shoot forth and strike senseless anyone on whom they fall. Every *sn̓n̓q* bears on its back a broad-mouthed basket, into which the stunned victim is thrust. Spikes projecting inward and downward prevent the captive from climbing out and so he is carried away to the monster's lair in the mountains, where he is devoured at leisure. Wolves are such frequent followers that they may be termed attendants. Although mortal weapons are unavailing against *sn̓n̓q*, they may be overcome by one well-known means. If a hunter cuts himself on the under side of his right leg until the blood flows freely and smears a bullet with this, it will kill a *sn̓n̓q*. Similar success is gained by biting the tongue and coating the bullet with the blood so obtained.

Another animal which is rendered powerless by the same charm is the *Boqs*. This beast somewhat resembles a man, its hands especially, and the region around the eyes being distinctly human. It walks on its hind legs, in a stooping posture, its long arms swinging below the knees; in height it is rather less than

(1) The writer wishes to express his appreciation to the Department of Mines for allowing the publication of this paper.

an average man. With the exception of its face, the entire body is covered with long hair, the growth being especially profuse on the chest, which is large, corresponding to the great strength of the animal.

The following story, which is regarded as an historical incident, illustrates the attitude of the Bella Coola towards these animals. Not many years ago a certain Qāk̓lis was encamped with his wife and child on a fiord near one of the haunts of Boqs. He heard a number of the creatures in the forest behind him and seized his gun, at the same time calling out to them to go away. Instead, the breaking of branches and beating upon tree-trunks came nearer. Becoming alarmed, he called out once more: "Go away, or you shall feel my power."

They still approached and Qāk̓lis fired in the direction of the sounds. The answer was a wild commotion in the forest, roars, grunts, pounding, and the breaking of branches. The hunter, now thoroughly alarmed, told his wife and child to embark in the canoe while he covered their retreat with his gun. He followed them without molestation, and anchored his craft not far from shore. The Boqs could be heard plainly as they rushed to and fro on the beach, but only the vague outlines of their forms were visible in the darkness. Presently, though there was no wind, the canoe began to roll as if in a heavy sea. Qāk̓lis decided to flee, but before he had gone far his paddle struck the bottom, in spite of the fact that he was in mid-channel. Looking up, he saw that the mountains were higher than usual; the Boqs had, by their supernatural power, raised the whole area so that the water had been almost entirely drained away. They are the only supernatural beings with this power. Qāk̓lis jumped overboard into water which reached only to his knees, and towed his canoe several miles, the Boqs following him along the shore. One of the features which the Bella Coola consider most surprising about this incident is that he did not tread upon the fish which must have been driven into the shallows.

This is not the only occasion on which Boqs have appeared in that vicinity. Within the lifetime of the father of an informant, a chief was returning with some friends along the coast. As the canoe shot around the tip of a promontory, they saw a Boqs gathering shell-fish. The paddlers backed behind some rocks from where they could watch without being seen. The creature acted as if frightened; it kept looking backwards, then hurriedly scraped up some clams with its fore-paws, dashed off with these into the forest, and came back for more. The chief decided to attack the animal. A frontal approach was impossible owing to lack of cover, so he landed and crept stealthily through the forest, armed with his Hudson Bay Company's musket. Presently he stumbled upon a heap of clams which the animal had collected. He waited until it returned with another load, then raised his musket and fired. Instead of killing the Boqs, its supernatural power was so great that the hunter's musket burst in his hands, though he himself was not injured. The Boqs shrieked and whistled as if in anger, and at once hordes of its mates came dashing out through the forest. The frightened chief rushed out on the beach and called to his comrades to save him. They brought the canoe close to the shore so that he could clamber aboard, and then paddled away unharmed.

The Bella Coola believe that Boqs, unlike most supernatural animals, have not abandoned the country since the coming of the white man. One man was

most insistent that they still lived on the outer coast, and promised to point one out if a visit were made to that spot. The man in question refuses to camp at the place where, he affirms, *Boqs* are common. Another informant stated that though he had never actually seen one of the monsters, a horde of them surrounded his camp in the upper Bella Coola valley for a week, and every night roared and beat upon trees and branches.

An animal somewhat similar to the *Boqs* is the *äLäkwis*. The Bella Coola state that long, long ago, these lived as human beings on King Island. They were a strange people, with peculiar rites including the worship of fire. Their neighbours, the Bella Bella, from whom they differed entirely, determined to destroy the *äLäkwis*. A massacre took place, and only a few survivors escaped to one of the lakes in the interior of the island. Here, in course of generations, they grew hairy and lost their human characteristics; it is said that a few paintings made by them still remain. Not many years ago some Bella Coola saw what may have been the last surviving *äLäkwis*. Two hairy creatures were observed fishing from a skin boat on Burke Channel. As soon as they realized that they were observed, they dashed ashore, broke up the framework of their canoe, and, carrying its skin covering, plunged into the forest. Nothing more seems to be known concerning them.

Another supernatural creature is the *BaBink'*. It somewhat resembles a cow, although its legs are shorter and its body, which is white and hairless, is heavier. In spite of its awkward build, this animal can move so rapidly as to catch birds and small mammals with its tongue which can be shot forth to a tremendous length. One of the characteristics of *BaBink'* is to cause gales. The country where one lives is invariably denuded of underbrush and even pebbles; everything movable is blown away, leaving only trees and gaping holes in the earth. In such regions no fire can be lit. The last known area of this kind is in a river valley near Bella Coola, about four miles from the sea. *BaBink'* are feared on account of their supernatural power, but appear so seldom that they are practically disregarded.

More common than the last, and accordingly more important, is the *haohao*. It is an enormous bird with bony wings and long, flexible beak. As it flies, the wings rattle violently, and its note, an oft repeated "*Hao, hao, hao*," can be heard for miles. These birds are said to have been numerous in former years, and are well known to all Bella Coola.

The most striking characteristic of the *haohao*, and the reason for which it is feared, is its practice of inserting its long beak into the stomach of anyone sleeping unprotected in the forest and drawing forth his entrails. This can be prevented by standing upright a staff, such as all hunters carry, before going to sleep. Not many years ago a number of men camped at the edge of a canyon near their home, without taking this precaution. One of them was awakened by a slight movement on the part of a companion and, looking up, he saw the long neck and beak of a *haohao* projecting over the rim of the canyon and attacking one of his partners in the usual manner. It was the convulsive shiver of the stricken man, now dead, which had wakened the sleeper. He quickly grasped his bow and shot an arrow into the bird's neck, causing it to disappear back over the brink. Presently he saw the long beak again come up and discharged another arrow, with the same result. Again and again this happened, till, with the coming of dawn, no more appeared. The hunter assumed that a single bird had been attacking repeatedly, but, to his surprise when he looked over the edge of the cliff, he saw below a number of carcasses, each with an arrow

in the throat. The canyon must have been a roosting place for the birds. His companions seemed still asleep, but when he investigated he found that all were dead; they had been killed before he awoke, and he had only saved himself by his vigilance and marksmanship.

The beliefs of the Bella Coola concerning the supernatural animals just described are tolerably exact; they know their appearance, what to expect and what to do if one is encountered. In addition to these, they acknowledge the existence of monsters of indefinite form which they term *snusx*. Any supernatural creature, a *BaBink'* for example, is spoken of as a *snusx* in general, not specific classification. Consequently, what one Bella Coola may describe as a *snusx* is given a distinctive name by someone else with wider knowledge. As far as could be learnt, there is no designation other than *snusx* for animals which move from the ocean in April to clear the way for salmon and spend the summer in the lakes of the interior, or beneath the ice of glaciers. They have the power of assuming various forms, sometimes even human, though they usually appear as giant, hairless bear-like beasts with short legs and brown skin. Their eyes are large, round, and glass-like. In whatever form these creatures may appear, they are almost certain to bring disaster to the beholder. It is said that only a few years ago a white man, having heard of them, went with a number of Bella Coola to a glacier inhabited by them. All the Indians were able to hear their roaring, louder than the whistle of a steamer, but the white man seemed deaf to it, though the power of the *snusx* undoubtedly had affected him, for he died on his way back to the village.

Other *snusx* are said to live near Kimsquit. The father of a woman now in middle age once guided a white man to the spot. Through a telescope he saw an enormous animal; he passed the instrument to another member of the party, a Kimsquit Indian, who also saw it, but the effect on him was so powerful that he soon died.

The creature to which the term *snusx* is most often applied is one that lives in lakes; it has a huge mouth and can suck with incredible force. More specifically, this animal is termed a *skämtsk*. One of these is said to have lived not long ago about six miles from Bella Coola, and a small one is supposed to be living even now in Ootsa Lake. The Bella Coola tell a number of stories about the *skämtsk*, of which the following is a typical example.

Within the lifetime of a certain man, still alive, two youths, a chief's son and a poor man's son, went to swim in one of the small lakes near Ootsa Lake. The chief's son, who was ready first, swam out, wearing a fancy belt, leaving his companion on the shore. When the latter was on the point of diving in he heard a dreadful sucking noise, combined with an ominous crackling. He called to the swimmer asking him if he too heard it.

"Yes," came the answer. "But it is nothing," and the youth continued his swim.

As the noise grew louder the boy on the bank cried out: "Come back! Come back! There is something bad there that we do not understand."

His friend in the water again answered: "Oh! There is nothing wrong."

The noise increased, and sticks and stones were drawn from the bank and flew out towards the centre of the lake. The suction eventually grew so great that the youth on land was forced to clutch a tree trunk with his arms, while his legs waved out towards the water like pennants, fluttering in a strong wind. The strain on his arms was so terrific that he was almost forced to

relinquish his grip before the suction subsided. When he looked at the lake the swimmer had vanished.

The survivor returned to the village and reported what had happened. No one believed his story; instead, he was made a prisoner, accused of having killed the chief's son. For a week the people questioned him daily without being able to shake his story; then they decided to kill him. The youth, learning of this, concluded that he might as well face an unknown peril as the certain death to be meted out by his fellows, so he asked them to allow him to go swimming in the lake to prove that there was something dangerous there. They granted the request, as well as a further one, that he be sewn up in a tight-fitting suit of caribou skin, and armed with a knife.

"Now come with me," he said to his fellow-villagers when he was ready.

They waited on the shore while he swam out into the lake, singing. Presently the crackling and sucking sound was heard, and soon the spectators were forced to clutch tree-trunks to keep themselves from being drawn into the water, while their legs were blown out horizontally as the youth's had been on the previous occasion. When the wind subsided the swimmer had vanished.

He had been sucked into the stomach of a skämtsk without being killed. Groping around, he presently found the corpse of the chief's son from which he cut the belt and put it on, as proof of his veracity should he succeed in returning home. Then he made his way to the neck of the monster through which he cut a hole. As the water rushed in he dived out. The surface was so far up that he was nearly drowned in reaching it; but, with his last gasp, his head rose above the water. He swam ashore without difficulty, and the evidence of the belt confirmed his story. The carcass of the skämtsk floated to the surface not long afterwards.

Although the forests of British Columbia abound with supernatural animals of enormous power, the attitude of the Bella Coola hunter who penetrates into lonely places is not one of constant fear. It is true that he may meet danger at any turn, but danger is part and parcel of human life, and he is by no means defenceless. He dreads the powers possessed by creatures of another plane, but they for their part dread certain human objects. Clothing which has been worn for so long that it has become steeped with the emanations of its human wearer belongs to a sphere of existence differing from that of supernatural animals and dangerous to them. Consequently, if worn clothing be thrown on a fire it repels unpleasant visitors. Other powerful protections are the plant *potsqL* and smoked salmon roe. A wise hunter always carries these and if he sees a dangerous creature such as a *sn̄n̄q*, he chews the two together and spits them towards the peril. Why *potsqL*, a plant, should be so effective, is a matter of wonder to the Bella Coola themselves, for as rule it is the human essence attached to objects which gives them their strength over the supernatural.

The mythical monsters already described are not the only supernatural animals known to the Bella Coola. They believe that in the beginning of time the Creator made men and beasts at the same time and in the same place, giving the former the greater share of power, but not exiling the latter to a different world. In those early days, the semi-supernatural forefathers of the Bella Coola had the ability to talk with animals and birds. The men of to-day, never doubting the accuracy of their myths, and realizing that such intercourse is not now possible, assume that they have degenerated from the golden age of their first ancestors. On the other hand, they see no reason to believe that

beasts have undergone a similar change, so it is tacitly taken for granted that they have continued in the supernatural, or semi-supernatural state in which they were created. It is true that man is stronger than most animals, but that does not affect the attitude with which the latter are regarded, for supernatural and powerful are not synonymous terms. It was decreed that they should serve as food for mankind, and they have since done so, but the Bella Coola do not consider themselves undisputed lords of creation. They fear *snusx*, *sn̓n̓q* and other creatures of great power, but they know how to avoid them; similarly, deer and mountain goats fear men, but they are not entirely defenceless, because their speed and agility give them advantages corresponding to those of men in combat with beasts stronger than themselves. All living creatures use the weapons with which they are equipped. For example, when a mountain goat eludes a hunter by scaling a precipice too steep for its pursurer, the latter considers it has escaped through supernatural climbing ability; whereas the goat has merely used the power granted by the supreme being. Likewise, when a *snusx* or a *sn̓n̓q* is outwitted by the use of soiled clothing or smoked salmon roe, the means, unnatural to it, are natural to the human being employing them. Men and animals alike regard each other's weapons as supernatural.

In consequence of these beliefs, the attitude of the Bella Coola towards animals is fundamentally different from that of white men. They regard them as possessing human mentality, and even the ability to assume human form if they so desire. In fact, they believe that animals merely appear to them in the shape of beasts. The degeneration of mankind has made it impossible for men to see these transformed beings habitually, but even now, or at any rate until a few years ago, shamans were able to lift the intervening veil. From accounts given by those who have had such experiences, it is believed that birds and animals, as well as humans, possess the boon of fire, and it is only the unworthiness of men that makes them unable to see the smoke rising from the houses of different creatures. In days of yore, fortunate hunters were able to do so, and consequently had phenomenal success. The smoke that ascends from the fires of different animals corresponds in colour to that of its owner; a mountain goat's is white; a beaver's, black; a squirrel's, red; a wolf's, gray, and so on. When a goat stamps the earth on a mountain, it rings hollow, as indeed it is to those animals, for their home is within; and when a hunter loses his quarry entirely, it is because the latter has entered its house. Shamans are sometimes able to hear the gatherings of animals under the peaks. Like human beings, they dance to the accompaniment of music, and in all respects behave like them. They have their times of joy and sorrow, of success and failure. When ill they are cured by their own shamans, Grizzly Bear, *sn̓n̓q* and Wolverine. All animals and birds are like brothers, able to converse with each other and living harmoniously together in that other part of their life which only shamans have seen. Porcupine is the oldest and a hunter always tries to kill one before passing to more important game. The animals know about the actions of human beings and show their aversion to certain habits by refusing to allow themselves to be seen by anyone practising them. For example, they do not like to have people drink the water in which Dog Salmon have been soaked, and no hunter would dream of partaking of that food. Bella Coola mythology is full of accounts of human beings who, aided by supernatural ability or power, were able to penetrate to the homes of animals.

Fish, too, are regarded in the same light. Indeed, there is a particularly close affinity between men and salmon, for it is through the instrumentality

of the latter that twins are born. Just how this occurs, no Bella Coola knows, but a twin and salmon are regarded almost as brothers. Moreover, in days of old when men were more powerful than now, a twin was especially liked by animals. Through his connection with salmon, a *qo'la*(1) could understand the speech of birds, animals, and fish. In many instances he even had the power of assuming salmon form at will.

In view of beliefs of this kind it is not surprising that the Bella Coola attribute great powers even to animals well known to them. Danger is always present when a dog acts in an unusual way, though this can be avoided by at once killing the animal. This belief persists to the present day.

In July, 1922, a visit was made to an elderly Bella Coola early one morning. The man was in a state of absolute terror. The preceding night he had locked his dog outside of his house to give warning if anyone approached; when he awoke in the morning, it was curled up asleep as usual at the foot of his bed. There was no possible hole through which it could have entered, so it seemed to the owner that his dog must have transformed itself into some minute animal and made its way beneath the door. The only other explanation was that its master, hearing in his sleep the whimpering of his pet, had got out of bed to let it in, without remembering that he had done so. To the writer this seemed the probable explanation, especially when the old man admitted that he had been in the habit of walking in his sleep in his younger days, but the Bella Coola was not satisfied. He could not make up his mind whether to kill the dog, a great favourite, but finally decided not to do so. The incident was mentioned to another informant, who was greatly worried and assumed it to be an omen of death to the dog's master. His only comfort lay in the fact that the animal had not spoken, a sure intimation of insanity and death unless it be killed immediately.

A few years ago a dog gave warning to its master by placing its paws on his shoulders as he sat on the ground, and howling over his head. Such unusual behavior should have convinced him of the necessity for killing the animal to avert some calamity, but he paid no attention to it. A few days later, it seemed to him that he saw the face of a friend appear at an uncurtained upper window where no human could be. The next morning he found an axe, which he had long lost and supposed stolen, imbedded far up in a tree near his house. These three incidents all presaged disaster, and a few days later he shot and killed himself when crazed by drink.

The actions of wild animals are considered even more important. Not many years ago a famous Kimsquit hunter saw a bear and attempted to shoot it. He raised his musket and took careful aim, but was prevented from pulling the trigger. This should have warned him of the potency of the animal, and of the wisdom of avoiding the spot in future. The bear moved away without molesting him, but exactly one year later he was killed by a mountain goat at precisely the same place. No one knows which supernatural being had chosen to assume two forms in that locality.

The Bella Coola believe that animals, being supernatural, have powers and abilities which they conceal from men. Wolves do not kill their prey with their fangs, but with bird arrows which shamans alone can see; beaver do not cut with their teeth, but with crook-handled adzes. Even more striking is the virility of yearling mountain goats. An old Bella Coola described how he and another man were once hunting the animals. His partner killed a fat

(1) The term applied to a twin associated with a salmon.

yearling, which they laid on its back and skinned. The killer was about to dismember it, when the animal began to kick. First it shook one hind leg, then the other, then in succession each fore leg, and lastly its head. The goat stood up and gave itself a shake all over, which caused the skin to return to its proper position; then it leapt away apparently uninjured.

Though generally callous with regard to the sufferings of animals, the Bella Coola are usually careful not to kill more than they need; and knowledge of their supernatural power sometimes leads men to treat them with great consideration. For example, if a bull-head is caught in an olachen net in the river, the fisherman throws it back into the water, saying:

"I have saved you; please do the same for me."

The following incident, believed without question by the Bella Coola, shows the manner in which bull-heads help those who have often befriended them. About forty years ago a Kimsquit fisherman fell into the rapids where he was powerless, and in great danger of drowning. A bull-head, seeing his plight and mindful of former help, increased its size and shoved the man ashore with its nose.

"I have saved you, mortal," said the fish, as it did so.

Toads too can aid human beings. If a man sees a snake devouring one of them he will, if he is wise, kill the snake and say to the toad:

"Please help me when I am in difficulties."

A toad never forgets its obligations and if that man should fall into the river when the toad is near, the latter will grow large enough to drag him out.

Snakes are regarded with aversion and disgust because of their reputed ability to enter the stomachs of human beings. They are thought to be the offspring of a supernatural Mother-of-Snakes, a mythical being of dread powers. The following story illustrates the danger of near approach to this creature.

K'wilais, with several companions, was gathering berries when he stepped into a hole and at once felt numerous tiny creatures crawling over his legs. Looking down, he saw that they were small snakes, and realized that they had just been hatched from a Mother-of-Snakes. Terrified, he fled away pursued by the reptiles which he managed to keep off, to a certain extent, by brushing behind him a branch of the spiny bush *mām̃ntca*, a deterrent with which he had long been acquainted. As soon as he had out-distanced the snakes he called his companions, told them of his adventure and returned home.

There he repeated the tale of his experience. Though K'wilais did not know it, many of the snakes had succeeded in entering his body. Presently he began to swell; larger and larger grew his stomach until he was in imminent danger of bursting. The snakes within were breeding rapidly. Luckily, one of his fellow-villagers knew the proper remedy. A raised bed was made for the sufferer about five feet from the ground where K'wilais stretched himself on a number of thorny branches, while his friends built a fire beneath of Devil's Club and *mām̃ntca* so that he was fumigated in the smoke. Potent medicines were added which finally killed the snakes. The patient began to vomit, emitting a mass of wriggling serpents, and at once he began to grow thinner, soon regaining his normal size. Had he not been able to eject them K'wilais would have died.

K'wilais was not the only one to have this unpleasant experience. Many

others have suffered similarly, but in no case has anyone been able to feel the snakes at the actual place or time of entry.

The beliefs of the Bella Coola concerning the power possessed by animals are clearly shown by their attitude with regard to killing them. Man is immortal, so are animals. The supreme being decreed that beasts and birds should serve as food for mankind, but it is only their clothing, their worthless "blanket of flesh," as it is called, which they give to hunters. In the autumn leaves appear to die, but every spring they are reborn. In like manner, when an animal is slain, it merely discards its visible self while its spirit ascends to a land above whence in course of time it comes down to earth again to reanimate a new body.⁽¹⁾ Consequently, the success of a hunter does not indicate his mastery over an animal so much as the latter's good-will in allowing himself to be slain by one who has pleased him by ceremonial cleanness, or by one who has been endowed with skill by some other supernatural being. Men are accordingly careful to obey the wishes of their quarry. Long ago, a mountain goat told a shaman that he and his friends liked soot, so a hunter who has killed one always smears two bands of ashes across its face from the right eye to the left side of the mouth. Another shaman was told by a bear never to use owl-feathered arrows since none of his fellows killed with such could return. Plumes of other birds have since been used, preferably those of Mallard Ducks. Sometimes the wishes of an animal require considerable ritual. For example, when a bear is killed, the carcass is stretched upon neatly arranged evergreen boughs and skinned. The hunter takes the pelt and reverses it so that the tail lies near the neck, with the whole hanging loosely over the body. He pats it four times, as if pressing the skin back into place, and says:

"Please don't linger. Go home and return," or,

"Please come to me to-morrow. Tell your brothers, your sisters, your uncles, your aunts and your other relations to come to me."

Should this be omitted, the bear is likely to stand up, skinless, shake itself, causing the pelt to return to its place, and run away. Yearling mountain goats are especially prone to do this, as already mentioned. Even if an animal does not show its resentment by escaping in this way, it often refuses to return to earth unless the proper rites have been performed over its carcass.

Bears have another aversion: they do not like to be eaten by men. So the hunter leaves the skinned body for wolves and eagles whom he invites to devour it. In so doing, he does not address them by their usual names, but calls Wolf, *Ālkin'ixexnim*, "The Devourer of Meat which he does not Kill,"

that is, "The Biting Scavenger," and Eagle, *Asaikaiyutsmoxnim*, "The Constant Eater," that is, "The One who eats before he is Hungry."

Next morning the flesh has been devoured and the hunter believes his guests have eaten it. Animals and birds, being supernatural, can hear not only the words of mortals, but can read their thoughts. The mental attitude underlying these actions is that animals have the power to conceal themselves so that a hunter must gain their favor before he can hope to succeed.

At the present time belief in the efficacy of such customs as these is rapidly falling into decay and bear meat is often eaten. But even now the skull is carefully placed in an evergreen tree near where the animal was slain, so that it may come back to life again.

Fish, like animals, are immortal. In autumn the streams are choked with

(1) There are doubters in Bella Coola, as in every other community, and the writer has heard several of the older men express disbelief in the immortality of animals.

dead and dying salmon, but the Bella Coola know that they are not really dead, they have merely shed their worthless blankets in accordance with the supreme being's decrees. At that season of the year he causes the rivers to rise so that they will sweep away these useless and outworn cloaks.

Although the salmon, from the kindness of their hearts, allow human beings to feast on them, yet they have certain likes and dislikes which are carefully observed. When the first Spring Salmon appear, women are allowed neither to eat them nor to go near the river; in fact, they must not do so before the rising of the July moon. Men can eat the flesh, but instead of throwing the bones to dogs, they carefully return them to the river, saying:

"Please come back to-morrow."

Salmon, too, like men and animals, live a human-like existence in their homes far beneath the surface of the ocean. They lack earthly objects, many of which they desire, especially pounded cedar-bark to use as sponges for their children. Hence the Bella Coola custom of throwing pieces of this and eagle down on the water for them.

The foregoing customs and tales exemplify the attitude of the Bella Coola towards birds and beasts. They worship no specific animal deities, but regard all of them as belonging to a different plane, slightly higher than that of mortals. Consequently, they must be appeased, propitiated, cajoled or outwitted as circumstances require; above all, they must not be disregarded. The creatures of the forest, whether supernatural or natural, regard mankind with aversion and avoid his society unless he acts in accordance with their wishes.

Beliefs of similar type exist not only among the Indians of North America, but also among most primitive peoples. Indeed, our own ancestors had similar conceptions which have come down to us in such stories as that of Little Red Riding Hood. A wolf capable of talking would not seem peculiar to a Bella Coola. When a white man first comes in contact with natives, he usually finds them difficult to understand, and swayed by motives which seem illogical. But let him have the necessary patience to unravel the background of culture, and he finds that actions which seemed strange to him, are consistent with their own beliefs. For anyone desirous of understanding a primitive people, there are few subjects more worthy of attention than their ideas respecting the animals surrounding them, and the equally important ones created by their own imaginations.

THE TECHNIQUE OF CERTAIN ABORIGINAL CORDS

By W. J. WINTEMBERG¹

Cords made from vegetal fibres are rarely discovered at archæological sites in Ontario. The few examples, which have been discovered, owe their preservation to the fact that they were partly carbonized.

Considering that actual cords are so seldom found, it is fortunate that we can learn something respecting this branch of aboriginal technology from cord impressions in the stem holes of some of the earthenware tobacco pipes, found at Iroquoian sites in Ontario and Quebec. The hole was produced by modelling the clay around a cord² which, being left in place, was destroyed in the process of burning, leaving an impression or mould in the stem hole. By making a cast of the impression we can get a very satisfactory restoration of the cord.

Pipe stems, with cord impressions in the stem hole, have been found at pre-European and post-European Tionontati, or Tobacco Nation, sites in Simcoe county; at pre-European Iroquoian sites in York and Victoria counties; on Thompson Island, at the head of Lake St. Francis; and at the site of Hochelaga. I have not seen a single example from a Neutral site. According to Parker no true cords were used for the purpose in New York State.

Only a few references to pipe stems with cord impressions occur in archæological literature. Boyle³ and Orr⁴ illustrate two specimens, accompanied by brief descriptions. Laidlaw also makes brief reference to them.⁵ McGuire does not mention them in his "Pipes and Smoking Customs"⁶.

Nine broken pipe stems in the museum here and nine others in the Provincial Museum, Toronto, contain cord impressions. One specimen from Hochelaga is in the McCord Museum, Montreal. I examined all but two of the pipe stems in the Provincial Museum. It was possible, however, to determine from the illustrations of Boyle and Orr what kind of cord was used to form the stem hole in the two specimens not examined.

The impressions show that the cords were all twisted from two separate strands, and were from about three thirty-seconds to one-fourth of an inch thick. They were of two kinds. One kind, of which there are four examples, was twisted to the right (see No. 6, in illustration); and the other, consisting of fourteen examples, to the left (see Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, in illustration.) Holmes, speaking of the strands in some pieces of fabric from mounds in Ohio, says the twist in most cases was "to the right, or as if twisted on the thigh, with a downward movement of the right hand, the thread being held in the left."⁷ If this was the method used in making the cords considered here, then those with the twist to the left would seem to have been made either with a backward

(1) Assistant Archæologist, Division of Anthropology, National Museum of Canada, Ottawa.

(2) Other kinds of cores (see No. 5 in illustration) consisted of twisted wisps of grass and bunches of twisted and untwisted vegetal fibres, bound together like a fascine.

(3) Fourth Annual Report of the Canadian Institute, Toronto, 1891, p. 29, Fig. 67.

(4) Thirtieth Annual Archæological Report, Toronto, 1918, p. 120.

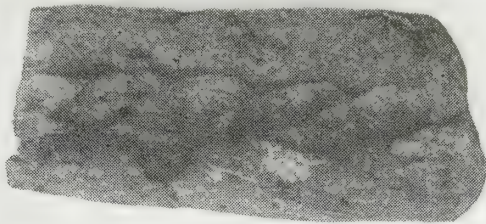
(5) "Balsam Lake and Vicinity," Annual Archæological Report, Toronto, 1898, p. 62.

(6) Annual Report of the U.S. National Museum, 1897.

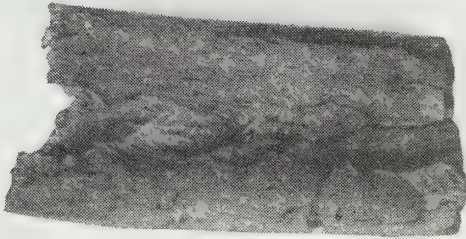
(7) Holmes, W. H., Prehistoric Textile Art of Eastern United States, Thirteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1891-92, p. 35.

This was probably the method used among the Iroquois generally. Peter Kalm saw Iroquois women preparing threads by rolling the fibres on their thigh.—(Travels into North America, London, 1772, Vol. I, p. 412).

1



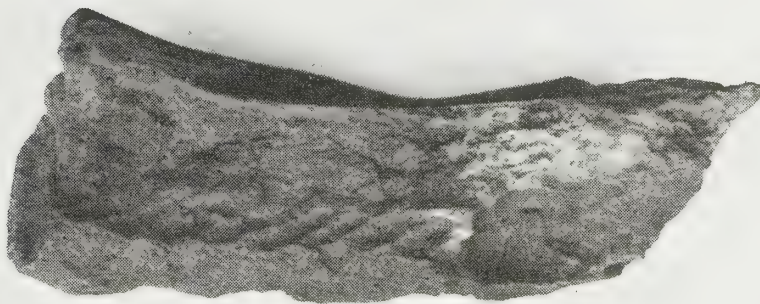
2



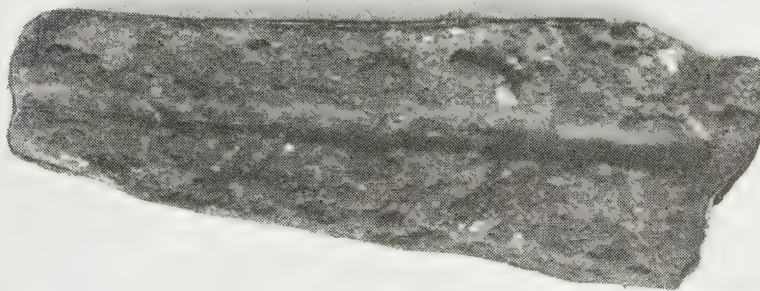
3



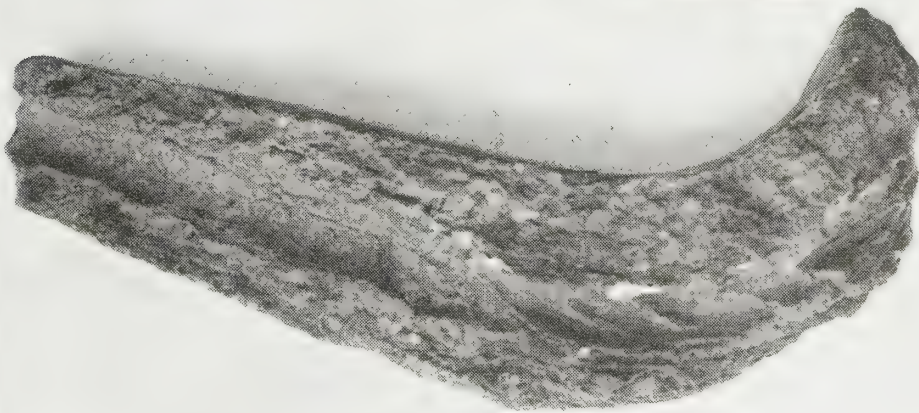
4



5



6



Pipe Stems with Cord and other impressions.

(Nos. 1-5 from Victoria County, and No. 6 from York County, Ontario.)

movement of the right hand or with a downward movement of the left, the cord being held in the right.

Only one of the cords appears to have been loosely twisted, with the fibres of the component strands also loosely twisted. Four other examples were closely twisted, with the twists uniformly even.

The component strands of the cords were from one-sixteenth to three-

sixteenths of an inch thick. Both strands of one of the cords were of the same thickness, but one of them was more loosely twisted than the other. In two other cords one of the strands was about twice as thick as the other.

It is difficult to determine whether the strands themselves were twisted to the right or to the left. In one of the cords, with the twist to the right, the strands appear to have been twisted to the left. Those in four other cords, with the twist to the left, seem to have been twisted to the right.

We cannot learn much of the kind of fibre which was used in these cords, further than that it was most probably vegetal, and that most of it was coarse.

Probably old, discarded pieces of cord were mostly used; at least it does not seem likely that the cords were purposely made to serve as cores for the production of stem holes. The other kinds of cores were more easily prepared and served the purpose just as well.

A study of the cord impressions in other pipe stems would probably result in further additions to our knowledge. I shall be glad to get information of other examples, and also to receive wax or plaster of paris casts of all such impressions.

MICHIPICOTEN

By WILLIAM P. F. FERGUSON, A.B., B.D.

There are archæological possibilities in Michipicoten Island, to which, it would seem, the attention of the province of Ontario and of the public spirited citizens of that province should be called.

It hardly needs to be recited that the Lake Superior country, particularly around the western end of the lake, was long ago the theatre of vast mining operations conducted by some unknown people. Remains of this work are found in Northern Wisconsin and on the upper peninsula of Michigan, but it reaches its highest development on Isle Royale. So far as can be determined, no such remains exist upon the Canadian mainland, although this may be a conclusion in default of careful exploration. There certainly are many old copper artifacts to be found scattered over the province, most of which, however, appear to be of comparatively recent origin—that is to say not more than two or three hundred years old. The possibility of the existence of ancient remains upon Michipicoten island will be pointed out later.

Although the exploration of these ancient works has been surprisingly inadequate, there have been numerous theories in regard to the people who carried on the old time mining. Various writers have attributed the work to the Mound Builders, to the semi-civilized nations of the American Southwest and to the "Red Indians." Misinterpretations of passages found in the narrations of the early French missionaries have strengthened the last named theory by appearing to find references in the writings of the French fathers to these mines. As I have shown in an article published in the *Michigan History Magazine* (October, 1924), there is every reason to believe that, when the white men first arrived in western Lake Superior, these ancient mines were abandoned and overgrown by the forests. My own explorations, of which I need not speak in detail, are the basis for my belief that the work of these old-time miners must have been finished not much less than five hundred years ago, while possibly their period is far more remote than that; and no memory of them or knowledge of their existence prevailed among the Indians whom the early explorers met. I have never ventured to assign any date for this ancient mining work, beyond the conclusion that its antiquity lies back of the occupation of the country by the Indian tribes dwelling there at the time of the arrival of the whites.

The antiquities on Isle Royale surpass in interest those of the mainland in two particulars: They have been less disturbed by modern miners than those of the mainland, although the white men's mining operations of seventy-five years ago cut through some of the ancient mine fields; and there remain on Isle Royale vestiges of a somewhat important town, evidently built and occupied by the ancient miners.

This town appears to have been discovered by someone, well toward sixty years ago, although no investigation was undertaken, and the only record of the discovery is an obscure reference in an old magazine. I had the good fortune, after three years of search, to rediscover it in 1922, and, at the head of the Franklin-Isle Royale expedition, I conducted extensive explorations on its site in 1923. For the particulars of this work I must refer the reader to the *Michigan History Magazine* of October, 1923, and October, 1924. The results of this work, however, have inspired the hope that there may exist other similar towns where

conditions are more favorable to the discovery of facts. The work of our expedition in 1923 convinced me that this old town, after its abandonment by its builders, was swept over by some other people, who carried away the artifacts and other remnants of its former occupants which I had hoped to find but did not find, in the excavations which we made. While such towns may exist, hidden in the deep forests of Isle Royale, and may still be discovered, my mind has turned to Michipicoten as a possible site of similar antiquities.

The reasons for this are several. Michipicoten is similar in geological formation to Isle Royale and presents the same copper-bearing rock. It has, indeed, been the scene of some mining operations within modern times, although, as far as I can determine, the work of modern miners, as on Isle Royale, has been poorly rewarded. It has the same history as Isle Royale in the matter of copper finds along its shore. The Indians of the French period of exploration appear to have confused the two islands, with the result of a belief that there existed in Lake Superior a large floating island. The same legends are told about the two islands. Even the French missionary fathers seem to have confused them, and some of them (more than half) to have believed that a floating island existed. There is, too, every reason to suppose that the ancient miners must have explored Lake Superior with considerable care, and could hardly have escaped finding Michipicoten island; in which case, they doubtless discovered the existence of copper, finding it in nuggets and small masses along the shore, and outcropping from some of the island's rock strata.

There is nothing unreasonable in supposing that mining remains or the sites of considerable towns may exist upon Michipicoten island, in spite of the fact that surveyors and mining prospectors have not noticed them. The early surveyors of Isle Royale ran their lines directly over the site of the old town there, without apparent notice of it, and make no mention in their field notes of colossal mining work which they must have traversed, but failed to recognize, because of the heavy forest covering.

An exploration of Michipicoten Island, sufficient to determine the existence or non-existence of ancient mining work, or of the towns of the ancient miners, would not present serious difficulty or involve large expense. Anyone contemplating such exploration, however, must of necessity organize a well equipped expedition, (the personnel of which does not need to be numerous), with adequate camping outfit and supplies, excavating tools, and surveying instruments. The members of the expedition should be sufficiently able-bodied to endure hard trailing, since the island has almost no established trails and, where such once existed, they are overgrown and obstructed by windfalls. Independent means of transportation would also be highly desirable, since the most promising field is upon the northwest corner of the island, (where modern mining was carried on a little more than a half century ago), and practically unreachable from Quebec Harbour, which is the only point touched by the steamers which visit the island regularly, during the summer season, in the fishing trade.

The difficulty in discovering ancient mines or town sites on Michipicoten will be enhanced by the heavily wooded character of the island; and to an inexperienced eye there may be some added difficulty in distinguishing between ancient and modern work. It is impossible to give advice in this article, but I will gladly hold myself at the disposal of anyone interested, in the way of making suggestions and answering questions, basing such suggestions upon my experience in Isle Royale work. Briefly, it may be said that modern and ancient work will be differentiated widely by the natural or unnatural appearance of the land surface where operations have taken place, the ancient work having melted

into the landscape, as it were. Further, the presence of stone hammers, outcropping from the soil or found in the roots of upturned trees, will frequently offer an unmistakable evidence of antiquity.

There is importance in the time of year chosen for any exploration work upon Michipicoten Island. As on Isle Royale, during the summer months, the insect pests will be found intolerable. The explorer will do well to plan to begin his work with the opening of September. In ordinary seasons, the early weeks of October are even better, although the problem of transportation may then be complicated by storms. The weather will then be growing comparatively cold. Members of the expedition should be warmly but not burdensomely clad; good double tents should be provided, and comfort will be greatly enhanced by oil stoves for heating the tents.

It is a remarkable fact that the public archæological institutions, and private organizations of similar character, in the United States have taken little interest in the exploration of these antiquities, found in United States territory about Lake Superior. So far as I can find, the only direct work ever undertaken, with the exception of casual visits by a few geologists and ethnologists, none of which has been prolonged beyond two or three days, is my own work. No institution or State, with the exception of the cost of one trip, which may have been a hundred dollars, has ever spent any money in these explorations. Nor have I ever been able to interest either States or institutions of learning in the work, to the extent of spending a single dollar. The Historical Commission and the Conservation Commission of the State of Michigan have been courteously interested in my work on Isle Royale; but, aside from that, the only governmental notice that the State of Michigan has taken of the whole matter was an attempt in the Senate of the State Legislature to enact a law forbidding me to excavate or otherwise explore on that island. My own work I have financed myself, with the assistance of a few personal friends. I venture the hope that the attitude of the institutions and the government of the Province of Ontario will not follow the model followed in the United States.

The rewards to be promised to investigators in this line cannot be painted attractively. There will be no "treasure trove"; there is little probability of discoveries that will be regarded as astounding by the learned world, but there is the prospect that some little progress may be made in the study of the American past, and possibly some hints gathered as to the identity of the remarkable people who did this ancient work, of the magnitude of which and of the industry of the workers, I can best speak by stating the opinion of one of the engineers engaged in the early mining operations on Isle Royale, who, after a careful review of the many problems presented, expressed the belief that, to accomplish the ancient work, done in the one section over which the mines under his supervision extended, would require a nation able to command and maintain the constant work of ten thousand men for a thousand years.

Franklin, Pa., U.S.A.

OJIBWA MYTHS AND TALES

By COL. G. E. LAIDLAW

Seventh Paper

The material in this paper has been gathered since 1922 up till lately. The shortest and most commonplace stories have some ethnological value or else they would have been rejected. The oldest of these tales are becoming rapidly lost. The younger generation of the Indians do not know these older tales, they get them from the older people, though a percentage of these tales may have been made up by some of the younger Indians to obtain the emoluments which go to the older people from me for the stories they tell. My youngest and latest narrator is a young school boy.

The tales about the "Dwarfs" or "Little Indians" are quite spread around and occur in the traditions of the Ojibwa, Mohawks and other local Indians, as well as among the Crows and other western tribes. In Wyoming they are supposed to live under the ground. These mythical Dwarfs among the local Ojibwa live in Dwarf houses, or dwellings, which appear or disappear as the case may be.

The "Flying Head" is another one of the local Ojibwa favorite themes, and the "Evil Father-in-law," "The obstacle pursuit," and "Abandoned on an Island," are more or less referred to in various series, especially the Nanbush series.

Occasionally the local Ojibwa coin a new word, such as "pursuiting," see No. 503, this series.

Bonnycastle Dale, in the *Humane Pleader*, vol. XII, Toronto, Dec., 1923, in "The Muskrat of the Ojibwa Marshes" says, "All their folk-lore, all their religious tales, are copied from the Jesuits." I do not believe this, but some of them certainly are, or have been obtained in early days from the Voyageurs, Coureurs des Bois, Hudson Bay men and other early white intruders, and tales may have been modelled after the ones they have heard, and have been told back again in Ojibwa to the later whites of the present day, and have had to be translated into English. This has occurred several times to me.

The "Ojibway and Mohawk" series are generally fighting tales.

In the ordinary tales various incidents and conditions are often combined in the different series.

A new hero, Che-kan-bash, is introduced in this paper. This personage is not as powerful as Nanbush, but is more like Wisse-ke-jak or Shingebis. He is more of a *killer* than the others and his habitat is nearer to the Hudson Bay regions.

Some further variants of the name "Nanbush" and authorities as per following:

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| Bwennabusha. | P. 146, <i>Wisconsin Archæologist</i> , vol. 2, No. 3, new series, Rainy Lake Indians, by Albert Reagan. |
| Manibusr } | Medicine songs of George Farmer by Albert B. Reagan, <i>American Anthropologist</i> , new series, Vol. 24, No. 3, July-Sept., 1922. |
| Minaboso } | |

Some variants of narration:

- Me-ni-to } PP. 341, 367. Medicine songs of George Farmer, by Albert
Ma-ni-tok } B. Reagan, *American Anthropologist*, new series, Vol. 24,
No. 3, July-Sept., 1922.

Variations of Wesse-ke-jak, see p. 85, 33rd report.

- Wiságatcak P. 83. Eastern Cree and Northern Saulteaux, Alanson Skinner;
Wisekájack. P. 173. Vol. IX, pt. 1, *Anthrop. papers*, Am. Mus. Nat.
Hist., New York, 1911.
Weescayjok. No. 464, *Ojibwa Myths and Tales*, Col. G. E. Laidlaw.

Variants of Wintego:

- Wetigo. P. 88, Eastern Cree, Alanson Skinner; Vol. IX, pt. 1, *Anthrop.*
papers, Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., New York, 1911.
Windego. Windego Falls, on Blanche River, near Cobalt, *Mail and Empire*,
21 Jan., 1923.
Wendago. Wendago Lake, *Mail and Empire*, 22 Nov., 1923.
Windigo. }
Wintego } Local Rama Ojibwa, Col. G. E. Laidlaw.
Wintigo. }

No. 443

THE FIRST INDIAN WHO SAW A CAR (MOTOR)

Long, long ago, there lived a very old couple way off in the woods, where they never knew of any one to live, just themselves. This old couple used to see visions of some one coming to tell them that they should make baskets, that some day white men were going to come to the woods; so they made baskets, and not very long (after) palefaces were seen coming to the wigwam, and they (the old Indian couple) thought these people were sick, for they were white. These came in to the wigwam and bought baskets and gave them some money, and they were glad. Soon (after) the man exchanged baskets for whiskey. One day he drank the whiskey and went out to sell baskets. He then knew where the white men lived. He was out all day selling baskets and he was awfully drunk. When it was evening he thought of his wife and home. Then he started for home with only one basket left, and that was the one he couldn't sell, for there were only a few people living there. So on the same evening he was there a car (automobile) came to where the whitemen lived, and the man in the car wanted to know where they got the baskets and they told him "that there was an Indian around," and they told him that "he might see the Indian on the road if he went in his car." So he started up the road and he saw a man walking on the road drunk. He put the lights on his car and was trying to catch up to the man. When the man heard the car he looked back and thought it was the devil that was coming to take him to hell. He got so frightened that he knelt down and prayed. While he was praying he heard a voice saying "How much do you want for your basket?" and he told him, and the man (in the car) gave him the money. Soon as the man got it he started for home, and the Indian got up and throwed the money to him. He thought the devil was cheating him, and he forgot that he was drunk. The Indian's name was Big Canoe. He was the first Indian to see a car. Big Canoe is Ke-che-che-mon and devil is ma-gee-mon-ne-do in Ojibwa.

No. 444

THE BIG EATER

Told by Mrs. Exavier Commanda

It is said that there is a man that goes by the name of Jocko Saganac, residing somewhere by the Mattawa River, that eats every two weeks, but when he eats, he eats boiled cake, twelve rabbits, pot of soup, one beaver and two big sconds. After every meal he goes another two weeks before he will get hungry again, and he is about the same as an ordinary man, but will drink tea every day.

NOTE.—Explanation by Mrs. Commanda: "Boiled cake" is plain cake, but boiled in water. "Sconds" are cakes baked outside on a frying pan.

No. 445

THE MAN WHO NEVER SLEEPS

Told by Mrs. Exavier Commanda

There was once a man that never sleeps, at least there were two at different places. He'd go to work when everybody's gone to sleep, and go to town at daytime. My father-in-law said: "They say this man has no gall, that is why he is like that." He is not dangerous by any means. The only peculiarity about him is that he doesn't sleep, but is very smart. This man lived to be a very old man.

No. 446

MANITOU'S SERPENT STORY. (No. 13)

Told by Mrs. Exavier Commanda

In the olden times Indians used to have gods (Manitous) that helped them, like big serpents, thunder, or other birds or wild animals, but the one that served the serpent had a lot of trouble when thunder was coming; he had to hide. It was the snake that's afraid. That's why he is like that, because thunder birds devour snakes, so that this Canada will not be so dangerous, as God looks after his children and does not let the snake (or serpent) do anything to his children. There was a woman here (in Rama), I can just hardly remember her, that had a snake (serpent) for her manitou. She had to feed it meat every once in a while. If she did not give it anything her children would die. So it was when she got old she wasn't able to feed it, that she died herself, and only her grandchildren are living now.

Note by G. E. L.—Compare with 441, this series.

No. 447

WHY THE PORCUPINE LIVES ALONE

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Long, long ago there lived a porcupine. One day as he was walking through the woods he saw a beautiful porcupine house and he went near it and near it until he got to the door. He rapped at the door and another porcupine came out. It was a woman (she porcupine) and the he one liked her so much that he wished to live with her in her house, and he asked her and she didn't say a

word. He went away and he came again, and after a little while he told her that "he would hunt around and live with her," and she said "that he could," and he stayed with her till it was time to go and live in another place. He told her "that they will have to move for he had to go far to hunt." So she asked him "where he wanted to live?" and he told her, and the lady porcupine said "that he would keep on hunting, and while he was hunting she would move to the spot where the man porcupine wanted to live." When he got there in the evening the house was there and it was the same one, and he asked her but she wouldn't tell, so the next time they were moving the man porcupine pretends he was hunting, so he hid among the trees and watched her come out. So she began to push the house and pry it up. When he was half ways to where she was moving the man porcupine came to help her, and there she stopped and went away. She said, "That's the last. I shall never live with you any more, or shall anybody else live with you. We shall always live alone." And that is why the porcupine lives alone.

No. 448

A BRIDGE MADE BY THE DEVIL

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Long, long ago there lived some Indians and one of the Indians used to hear about the devil. How he would lend money if anybody wanted it, and make bridges where no man could make anything. So he began to think about the devil and how he would wish to see him, but he didn't go out at nights. One night he was late coming home when he saw a man come. It was a bright moonlight night. He saw the white breast (shirt front), black suit and a fine black felt hat. He thought this was a rich man lost in the country, but it spoke to him and said, "You are the man that was wanting to see me." Then he thought of the devil and said to him, "Make a bridge across the river where the water runs swiftly." Then the devil said, "I'll do that, but the first one that crosses the bridge shall be mine." Next morning he went and looked. There was the bridge and there was'nt any pier to it. Then he got a black cat and drove it across the bridge. This man's name, in Ojibwa, is "Caw-kee-wayah-ish," meaning in English "Sailing back and forth."

No. 449

HOW THE BEAR GOT HIS SHORT TAIL. (No. 2)

Told by Thos. Sandy

One hot summer day a fox was walking along at the edge of a bush and saw an old mare sleeping under a shade tree. He thought he would play a trick on the bear, so he hurried into the bush and soon found him, and said, "There's an old dead mare laying at the edge of the bush and I thought if you would help me drag her into the bush we can have plenty of meat all the time." So the bear was just glad of this, so they came to the place where the mare laid. The fox says, "Now I'll tie your tail to hers, and I'll shove." So the fox tied the bear's tail so it wouldn't come off. "Now pull," said the fox. So the bear started to pull and the mare woke up and went galloping and kicking about the field. At last the bear's tail broke off, and he wanted to fight the fox. So the fox says, "You get two of your friends and I'll get two of mine and we'll have a fight." So the fox went along and soon met a bull dog. "Are you any good in

a fight?" asked the fox. "Oh! that's the best thing I can do," replied the bull dog, showing the fox the scars on his head, and showed him his sore foot, and said he got them in a fight, being beaten sometimes. The fox says, "You come along with me." So they went along and soon met a tom cat. "Are you any good in a fight?" asked the fox. "That's the best thing I can do," replied the cat. "Show us what you can do," said the fox. So the cat began to jump about and throw chips in the air and catch them. The fox says, "Fine! You come along with us, we are to fight the bear and two of his friends." The bear went along and soon met a wild boar. "Are you any good in a fight?" asked the bear. "That is the best thing I can do," the boar replied. "Show me what you can do," says the bear. So the boar rooted under a rotten stump and lifted it out by the roots. "You come along with me," says the bear. So they went along and soon met a wolf. "Are you any good in a fight?" asked the bear. "There's nothing else I can do better than fighting. I am one of the best in the woods," replied the wolf. "You come along," said the bear, "we are to fight the fox and two of his friends," So they came to the place where they were to fight. The fox and his friends weren't there yet. The bear says, "Let's practice while we're waiting." So the boar went over the same things what he had done to show the bear that he was a good fighter. The bear says, "I'll climb up on that tree and see if they are coming, and sure enough they were coming not very far away. The bear began to tremble as he looked at them and came down to tell his friends. "They are coming not very far away. He has two fellows along with him, one of them has a long stick, holding it up ready to hit anyone (that was the cat holding his tail up), and the other fellow picks up a stone and puts it in his pocket every time he takes a step" (that was the bull dog walking very lame). So the boar was very scared, too, and so was the wolf. The wolf says, "I'll go up the hill here and when I see you getting beat I'll come down and help you." So the wolf went. The bear says to the boar, "Let's hide from them." So the bear climbed up the tree and sat on a branch where he wouldn't be seen, and the boar dug under a rotten log and laid there. When the fox and his friends got there they said, "They are not here yet." So they sat down and took a little rest. The fox said, "Let's practice (fighting) while we're waiting," and the cat caught sight of a leaf moving up and down where the boar's nose was covered. The cat jumped up and grabbed at the leaf, and grabbed the boar's nose. The boar gave an awful squeal, jumped up and ran away; so did the fox and the bull dog. The cat ran up the tree, happening to run on the same branch where the bear was. The bear, thinking the cat was after him next, jumped from the tree and ran away, and all were afraid of each other.

Notes by G. E. L.—Thos. Sandy, a young Rama Ojibwa, nineteen years old, a patient in the Gravenhurst Sanitarium, Ontario, where he died 29th August, 1922. Indian name, Waub-kagh (or cog.)—Grey porcupine. Got most of his stories from another Ojibwa named James Sheebgo, a patient in the same sanitarium from Martin Falls on the Albany River, northern Ontario, about forty miles above the mouth of the Ogoki River, where there is a Hudson Bay post, and which is about 250 miles from Hudson Bay. See letter, C. O. Senecal, 21st Feb., 1924, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Ont., Martin Falls is in Keewatin District, Prov. Ontario. James Sheebgo, sometimes called "Chief Weenjack," which was his grandfather's name. See letter of Thos. Hardy, 15th May, 1922. These stories introduce Chekaubash, a new personage, to me, who is evidently a hero, an evildoer, a malevolent being or character and a trickster combined. Chekaubash may be the Tcikápis of Allanson Skinner, pp. 100-104, Eastern

Cree, Vol. IX, pt. 1., Anthropological Papers, American Museum Natural History, New York, 1911, especially as he mentions the "hair episode," see No. 455 of this series, and also mentions his trip down the Albany River and Martin's Falls, see p. 168, Eastern Cree.

No. 450

THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE

The Contest of Wits between an Old Man and a Boy, and the Origin of the Wolf, and the Obstacle Pursuit, and the Origin of Suckers (a Fish)

Told by Thos. Sandy

Once there lived an Indian, his wife and their two boys. Every day this Indian went out hunting and came home sometimes very tired and hungry. Each night as he got home his wife wouldn't have the supper ready, and he wanted to know why. So one day he asked the boys why the supper wouldn't be ready when he got home, even coming home very late? So the boys told him that as soon as he went out each morning, their mother would dress up, and as soon as he was out of sight she went out and came home just before he would come. So one day he just went so far in the woods and watched. Pretty soon he saw his wife coming out and he followed her. She came to a big hollow tree and she tapped on the tree, and he saw a nice-looking Mohawk come out, and they both went in, and when he came to this tree he knocked on it with his axe. They both came out and he cut their heads off and burns them up and went home and told the boys he was going to leave them. He made bows and arrows for them and told them how to use them if they were ever chased by any one. So the man went away. One day the youngest boy was playing with the ashes where they cooked outdoors. There he saw his mother's head looking at him, so he told his brother and they ran away, so the eldest boy had to carry his brother on his back, as he wasn't big enough to run. So this head began to chase them, wanting to kill them. Pretty soon this head was up to them, so this boy shoots an arrow behind and there was a great fire there, and this head couldn't come through. By this time the boys were quite a ways away, but soon she (the head) was up to them again and the boy marked a line with his bow on the ground and there was a great trench there, and this head fell into it and couldn't get out for a long time, but soon was up to them again. Then the boy threw an awl behind them and there was a thick growth of thorns there. By this time the boys came to a river and saw a man there and asked him to take them across. So he did, and they told him what was chasing them and told him not to take it across. Pretty soon this head got there and asked this man to take it across, but he says, "Now there is a spot on my back I don't want you to touch." So, as they were nearly across this man made up he slipped, and she (the head) touched the spot where she was told not to touch. He takes the head and smashed it against the stones, so to-day that is why there are suckers (a species of fish). The boys had come to a sandy beach along the lake, so they stopped there and played. They saw an old man coming in a canoe. He came to where they were and he wanted to take the oldest boy for a ride, but the boy wouldn't get in the canoe. "Shoot your arrow in the air," said the old man. So he did, and the arrow fell into the canoe and the boy didn't want to go in to get it. "Put one leg in anyway," the old man said. So the boy did, and the old man tipped the canoe a little and the boy fell into the canoe. The old man hits his canoe with a short club, and they started to go

and took the boy home to marry his daughter. He told the old man he wanted to go and see his brother, but the old man wouldn't let him go, so he forgot all about his brother for a while. So one day the old man wanted him to go and see some little seagulls. He said he knew where there were some seagulls' nests up the lake. So they went and got to the place and the old man said, "You climb up on the tree and throw some young seagulls down to me." As the boy got up where the nest was, the old man gets in the canoe and leaves him there and laughs at him, but the boy cleans the insides out of a young seagull and gets in and flies home, passing the old man on the way. The old man laughs as he sees the seagull flying past and thinking about the trick he has played on the boy. But as he gets home the little boy (his grandson) comes down to meet him and shows him the seagull what the boy flew home in. "Look, Gran'pa, my father came home in this." The little boy calls his father, but the old man gets mad (angry) and goes straight to bed, and never speaks to any one. So the winter came and the old man thought of another plan so he could go and leave the boy somewhere. The lake hadn't frozen yet, but there was a lot of snow. He says to the boy, "We'll go hunting deer up the lake this morning. I have a camp there." So they went and when night came, as they were going to bed they hung their socks and moccasins over the fire to dry. The old man thought the boy had gone to sleep, but he was staying awake. The old man got up and moves his socks and moccasins back from the fire and leaves the boy's hanging right over the fire. When the old man went to sleep the boy got up and hung the old man's over the fire and hangs his own back where the old man's was. When morning came the old man got up and put more wood on the fire and knocks the socks and moccasins down that were hanging over the fire, and says to the boy that he happened to knock his (the boy's) into the fire, but the boy got up and said that those were his, and the old man said they weren't (these were the dry ones). So he looks at them and they were the boy's, so the boy puts them on and ran down to the canoe, leaving the old man there at the fire. So the old man heated a big stone and melted the snow on the way to his home (making a path). The old man next wanted the boy to go and have a slide with him down the hill where there were big rocks at the base of the hill and told him to sit in front of the sleigh and that he would steer so they wouldn't hit any rocks, but the boy said that he could steer better and coaxed the old man to sit in front. So he did, and the boy gave him a shove and they ran into a rock, and the old man was hurt instead of the boy. The boy thought of his young brother again and went to the place where he left him, but the young brother had cried so much and being hungry had turned into a wolf. So that's where the wolves came from.

Notes by G. E. L.—Suckers, a species of fish (common sucker—*catastomus commersonii*). Ojibwa name, Nemahbin. Compare with Nos. 7 and 385; this series, also 378.

NO. 451 (IN THREE PARTS)

PART 1.—WITCH STORY (NO. 69)—A TRUE STORY

Told by Mrs. Exavier Commanda

About nine years ago there were two Indians here (Rama), a man and wife. The man's name (Indian) was Pa-yash-gob. He was a wizard. There were Indians from here camping at Schepeler, not far from here, and Pa-yash-gob and his wife made themselves like owls and went to this camp to see a

woman who was sick there. They were doing this to her. That's why she was sick, and those owls (by witchcraft) were bothering the camp every night. So that night the man thought he'd watch and shoot the witch owls when they came. He made a big fire in the camp and waited outside. Pretty soon the owls came. He shot one owl, but it flew away. He shot the other as it left. He just aimed at where it went in the dark. He did not see where it went. The sick woman in the camp got well. Pa-yash-gob died that night. He saw fire all around him before his death. About three days after the funeral of Pa-yash-gob the witch woman (his wife) got sick at the table. They were having supper. She dashed herself against the wall to and fro. They say she had her tongue sticking out about a foot; then she fell to the floor. All those that were there ran outside and called for help. She was very sick when grandma got there to help, but she died. Her death was a sad ending as she killed so many babies and old people while she lived in witchery.

PART 2:

My aunt went there to see the funeral of Pa-yash-gob, and she was told to go upstairs to see the old lady (his wife). Just before my aunt sat down the old woman said, "Thank God you've come to see me. I always wanted to confess to you what I tried to do to you oftentimes, but I could not do it. Do you know the medicine I brought to you when you were sick? That was the time you would have been in your grave. I had it in my apron. You told me to 'drink it yourself. You are sick, too.'" She said to my aunt, "This is a great blessing I bring to you, take it from me," but my aunt, Mrs. Benson, would not. The witch woman's daughter got up and shoved her mother, but she said, "I am going to say it. I may never have the privilege to speak to you in life again." The daughter got up and combed her mother's hair and every time the mother was saying too much the daughter pulled her hair to stop, but she would not. She said again, "Don't you know I can't cry over John's (Pa-yash-gob) death. It was not sickness that killed him. It was evil works." She couldn't stop talking and Mrs. Benson could not speak. As Mrs. Benson, my aunt, got up, the other woman said to her, "Forgive me for what harm I've ever done to you, but I do not know of anything that I would have done to you." And my aunt came right straight home. She did not stay for Pa-yash-gob's funeral. The other woman died that evening after the funeral and my aunt did not even go to the old lady's funeral. These were the owls that were shot.

PART 3:

This same witch woman once tried to do something to mother, but mother dreamed of her and spoiled her plans. Mother dreamt she was walking up the road and saw her coming. This woman laughed at mother and scorned her and told her that her body would be carried over the same road she was walking on in three days. That's what mother dreamed. She dreamed that she ran after this old woman, who ran into John William's house and mother ran in too (this Williams is now dead). Mother saw Mrs. Williams washing dishes and she dashed for the butcher knife. Mrs. Williams said to mother, "Let me do (kill) her," and she cut the witch woman's third finger in different places. This witch woman that was coming after mother that night was camping somewhere near Brechin and Mrs. John Anderson was with them. Mrs. Anderson told mother that this witch woman's hand was awfully sore before morning and it was a fearful sight. It was what mother did to her in the dream, and the witch woman was miles away in Brechin. That dream just caused her nearly to die of her sore finger. That is how witchcraft works. If you dream of the

one that's doing you harm you'll know you've beat (bested) them. The witch woman's name was Mrs. John Wesley.

Note by G. E. L.—The villages of Schepeler and Brechin are near the Rama Reserve, in Ontario County, Province of Ontario.

The people mentioned in this story are Ojibwas.

No. 452

WITCH STORY. (No. 70)

Told by Thos. Sandy

By a small lake this Indian and his wife lived. This Indian was a great hunter, was very lucky. Each day that he'd go out his catch would be very great. He began to feel very proud of himself and went around telling the other Indians that lived there about his catch every day. Well, this caused jealousy among some of the Indians. Time went on. His luck was getting poorer everywhere he went. Not thinking anything about it as a witch, and time came he caught nothing at all. Day after day he would go out and never see anything but an owl. They began to get very poor. So one day as he went out he shot this owl and the owl fell into a spring. As it fell into the water the Indian was very surprised to hear it say, "Oh! why did you kill me for?" and then he knew why he hadn't been killing anything. The next day about the same time in the afternoon as he shot the owl the day before, he heard about an old man falling in through an air-hole in the ice, and after that this Indian's luck went on the same as before and they lived very happily.

No. 453

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK. (No. 32)

Told by Thos. Sandy

A few miles from a small lake camped two hundred Mohawks. There were a few Ojibwas living by this lake and the Mohawks wanted to kill them. They had three men to go spying around at night to find out how many there were in each Ojibwa family. These spies went back and told them. The two hundred Mohawks came and killed all the Ojibwa men but not the women. They tied the women up and took them along to where they were camping. For their meals they would kill three of these women each time and cook them, and whenever they would go for a long trip they would take along some of these women for their lunch. When the Ojibwas knew that the Mohawks were there they packed up and went away. So when the Mohawks knew that they were all gone away they came and camped by this lake. Three Mohawk spies would travel through the woods hunting for where the Ojibwas camped, taking along with them three Ojibwa women. They built a shack far in the bush so they could travel on if they could not find the Ojibwas near there, but they found the Ojibwas and went and told the rest of the Mohawks where the Ojibwas camped. While these spies were away three of the Ojibwas were out hunting and saw this shack. They looked in and saw three Ojibwa women tied up there. They went in and untied them, and these women told them that three of the Mohawks would soon be back to the shack. The Ojibwas waited then for them and when they came the Ojibwas shot them, and the women took the Mohawks' bows and arrows, and there they waited for the two hundred Mo-

hawks to get there. So, late in the evening they heard the Mohawks coming. So when the Mohawks came to the place where they expected their spies would be, the three Ojibwa men with the three women were hiding not far from the place. They started shooting the Mohawks and ran up to them, hitting them with their war clubs till they killed them all, and the remainder of the Ojibwa that were captured were free again.

No. 454

CHEKANBASH AND MESANBA—TESTS OF SKILL

Chekanbash Story No. 1

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian named Chekanbash was a great man telling stories and he was a smaller man than the rest. He had an old bow that was very weak and easily bent and his arrows looked more like pieces of sticks. He heard that the Indians were gathered together in such a place telling and making up stories, so he thought he'd go over and he starts off. He meets Mesanba on his way and told him where he was going to and asks him to come along. Mesanba says, "Let's see who is the best man of us two first." "Now," he says, "we'll shoot with our bows and arrows and the one's arrow which goes the furthest is best man," but Chekanbash beats him. They shot up in the air next, to see whose arrow would be up there the longest time till they heard it drop. Chekanbash shoots first. They listened but never heard his arrow drop. Now Mesanba shoots and they heard his arrow drop, so he began to get jealous of Chekanbash. Mesanba takes ten acorns out of his pouch and hands them to Chekanbash. He takes out another ten for himself. He says to Chekanbash, "See who'll drop the nuts first." So they threw the nuts up in the air and caught them all with one hand. Mesanba dropped his first, but Chekanbash caught his ten till the twentieth time, when he dropped one. So Mesanba got very angry at Chekanbash. He took his war club that was hanging by his side and strikes at Chekanbash, but misses him every time. Chekanbash takes his war club and strikes at Mesanba and struck him the second time, but didn't hit him hard enough to kill him, and said to him, "Let's go now where we were going." So Mesanba went with him and they came to the place where the rest of the Indians were. Chekanbash says to them, "Two of you come out as there are two coming in." Two great big men walked out and said that "they must have a wrestle and the ones that were beaten will stay out." So they started to wrestle and Chekanbash threw his man down, but the two others were wrestling all afternoon. Mesanba could not throw his man down. Chekanbash laughs at him and says, "What are you doing? Can't you throw him?" So he helped Mesanba to throw his man, but it was beginning to get dark so they went home.

No. 455

CHEKANBASH AND THE WHALE

Chekanbash Story No. 2

Told by Thos. Sandy

One day as this Indian named Chekanbash was filing his axe, as he would run the file on the axe he seemed to hear words from it. He stops for a while

and then started again, and again he'd hear these words saying "I killed your father." He stops and said to himself "I don't remember of ever having a father." So he starts again to file his axe and hears the same words, so he gets mad (angry), puts his axe down and walks into the house and asks his grandmother if he ever had a father, and she says that "He (the father) was swallowed by a whale when Chekanbash was a baby," so Chekanbash gets very mad, but doesn't say anything, but says to himself that "he's going to kill that whale." He walks out and takes a strong line with a hook and an axe with him, and goes over to the ocean and cuts a big hole in the ice and starts fishing. First he catches a maskalonge and he says "You are not the one I want." So he throws it back in. He catches a pickerel next, and pushes it into the water, and says "You're not the one I want." Then he hears a voice in the water saying, "Who does he want, anyway." To this Chekanbash gets very mad. He throws his line in again and catches a trout, and again he says, "You're not what I want," and again he hears a voice saying, "Who do you want, anyway?" So he gets very mad and throws his line in again. Pretty soon he gets a hard jerk and very strong and he knows it is the whale. He had the end of the line tied around his waist. He starts running and not giving the whale a chance to start pulling back. He fell down and the whale starts pulling, and Chekanbash never got a chance to get up, being dragged so fast; into the water he goes and was swallowed by this whale, and he thinks he's beaten this time. As he was sitting down inside the whale's stomach he starts cutting the whale with his knife and sees the whale's heart. He gets a hold of it ready to cut it; then he hears the whale say, "I don't feel very good; something is wrong with my heart," and Chekanbash knows now that he'll have the whale killed soon. He cuts the heart off and the whale was dead. So he sat down again, thinking that it was no use to cut his way out, as there was ice and he would only be drowned. He sat there for a long, long time. He starts looking around and sees some hair; some was grey and some was black. So he gathered it all and tied it separately. Again he sat down. As he sat there he couldn't sit still; he'd be jerked from one side to the other. He starts to cut his way out carefully so he would just leave the skin. As he did this he put his ear to the skin and listens. He hears the wind and waves striking the shore. He cuts a big hole and looks out. He was at the shore. He comes out and goes home. When he gets there he never says anything about what had happened to him or why he was away so long. He asks his grandmother the colour of his father's hair and she says "grey." So he takes the two packages of hair out of his pouch and gives her the black hair and keeps the grey, and this was once that Chekanbash was nearly killed.

Note by G. E. L.—This story is evidently from Hudson Bay. The grandmother, Nokomis, is a frequent character in Ojibwa tales.

Note by G. E. L.—Episode of the hair. See "Eastern Cree."

No. 456

CHEKANBASH KILLS A FAMILY

Chekanbash Story No. 3

Told by Thos. Sandy

When this Indian named Chekanbash was a boy, when he would play he never played close to his home. He would go a long way in the bush or somewhere to play. So one day he saw a house far in the bush, he came right close

behind this and there he played each day. Each day he would see three men go from this house out for a hunt. Father and two sons and the mother lived in this house. So Chekanbash is thinking about what trick he might try on the young men, so one day, when all the men went out again the old lady comes out of the house and goes to the well for some water. Chekanbash goes over to her and asks her to lend him the best clothes she has, but she wouldn't lend them. Chekanbash keeps coaxing her for them. He says, "I want to see if I can fool these young men here," so she lent them to him. He dressed himself all up, he put his bow and arrows under the clothes. When he was all dressed up he asks the old lady for a knife. She gave him a very short knife with a very short blade. When the men came home Chekanbash says, "I am sent over here to see if any of you would marry me." As the father is generally boss in the house he says that "his eldest son shall marry her," so they were married, and when bedtime came Chekanbash kept talking to this man till they all went to sleep. He gives this man that was in bed with him a shake, but he wouldn't wake up, so Chekanbash takes out the knife the old lady had lent him and cuts this man's throat and cuts both of his eyes out. There was a big pot by the fire with water in, so he puts the eyes of this man in the pot and takes off the borrowed clothes and says, "Here's your clothes; I'm through with them now," but no one woke up, so he goes out and makes a print of bow and arrow on the ground outside of the house to show that he was Chekanbash. He went to the well where they got their water and hid behind a tree to see what they would do when they got up, so when morning came he hears one of them saying, "Where's this girl gone to." Then they noticed their son was dead and with his eyes out, so they were very mad (angry) and wanted to find out who that person was. So they came outside and saw the print of the bow and arrow on the ground, so they know it's Chekanbash. So the brother of the man that is killed says he's going to kill Chekanbash, and Chekanbash hears every word they're saying from behind the tree. So the young man cut a face of a man out of a block of wood and puts the eyes of his brother in the wooden face and puts that head on a post as if there was some watching the house while they slept. So when night came and everybody was asleep, Chekanbash comes sneaking at the door and sees this wooden face. He points at it with his bow and arrow but the head never moved. So Chekanbash finds out it's just a piece of wood and goes in the house and makes a lot of smoke, and the family were all smothered to death.

Note by G. E. L.—For "house" read "camp." For "well" read "spring."

No. 457

CHEKANBASH AND THE THREE BROTHERS

Chekanbash Story No. 4

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian had three sons and the whole three were married. They heard so much about Chekanbash and his greatness that they didn't just like it. They were wanting to kill him. They knew that Chekanbash was going away for ten years, so these three sons of this Indian went on ahead and went to the place where Chekanbash was going. When they got there they sat down waiting for Chekanbash and pretty soon they saw him coming. They looked at his bow and arrows and the little pipe he was smoking. They made fun of

him and laughed at him. So Chekanbash got to this place where they were. He sat down and talked to them. One of them says, "Let's see whose pipe will burn the longest for one filling of tobacco." So they all filled their pipes and started to smoke. These three brothers had filled their pipes three times and Chekanbash's pipe was just burning out. So they said next, "Let's sleep here for ten years, see who will wake up at the right time." So they took off their mitts and put them under their heads for pillows, and took off their coats and covered themselves over. So they all went to sleep. At the seventh year the three brothers woke up and they said to Chekanbash "We want to smoke very bad," but Chekanbash says "I dont; I'm used to these trips like this," and Chekanbash knew that they were cold, so he says, "Say! it's hot, I'm sweating." He threw off the coat that had covered him and the mitts that he had as a pillow, and they went to sleep again. At the end of the tenth year Chekanbash gets up and says, "Wake up, you said 'We'll only sleep ten years,' " but none of them moved. He puts on his coat and mitts and tries to wake them up again, but none of them moved or woke up. So Chekanbash cuts the hearts out of these three brothers and sticks his arrow through them and goes on home. He goes walking in the house and sits down on a chair and never says anything, and his sister says "You don't act like a person that was away from home for ten years; you go away too long when you go any place." Chekanbash says, "I am going away again. I'll be back to-morrow morning." So he went out and goes to visit this Indian who had the three sons that he (Chekanbash) had killed. Before he went into the house he rolled all over in the snow and by this they could not tell he was Chekanbash. He goes into the house and sits down, they start talking to him and asked him if he knew an Indian called Chekanbash, and Chekanbash says, "No, I never even heard of him." And this man says "Well, my three sons should be back by now. They went away and said they were going to Chekanbash. In the evening Chekanbash says, "Well, I must get home before it gets very dark." As he walks out of the house he makes a mark on the door to show he was Chekanbash. He just hid behind one of the trees close by there. When they saw this mark on the door they knew he had killed their sons. Chekanbash dug under the house and made a big pit right under where the fire was, so in the morning they all got up and came around this fire to get warm, as it was a cold morning. They all fell through the ground into this big pit and were killed.

Note by G. E. L.—The Chekanbash series are from James Sheebgo.

No. 458

JOHN TOBY, AND THE FIRST MOTOR HE SAW

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Long, long ago when the first car was made John Toby was a very old man. His wife used to make baskets and he would go out selling them to the white people. One day he took a lot of baskets and it took him all day to sell them out. When evening came he sold his last basket, and when he got something to drink he started back for his home. Half ways from his home he heard something come on the road. He stood still and listened as it was quite dark. When on the curve he saw two big eyes and he said, "I don't care if that's a lion, I'll fight him." It came near and it made more noise when it came near him, he didn't fear because he was drunk. It stopped right beside him and

there came a voice from it and said, "Have you any baskets?" "No," and he began to fear. He thought it was the devil and his dragon. It said again "I'll give you the money now and I'll come for the baskets to-morrow." He took the money and when the car started he got so frightened that he sobered up and he threw the money back at the car. He thought the devil was trying to buy his life.

No. 459

PUPUKEEWIS

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Long time ago there lived a monster who was half man and half beast. Its name was Pupukeewis and in the month of February it would go and steal suckers in the west. There was another different monster over there who owned the suckers and when he knew Pupukeewis was stealing them he would come out after him and chase him and throw snow at him, and Pupukeewis would whirl around and around to get away from this monster. And that's why February has storms and whirlwinds.

February in Ojibwa is Ne-mah, bee-nee-kee-sis. Sucker in Ojibwa is Ne-mah-bin.

Note by G. E. L.—For two other Pupukeewis stories, see Nos. 375, 401, of this series.

No. 460

CHEKANBASH AND THE SUN

Chekanbash Story No. 5

Told by Thos. Sandy

One day Chekanbash says to his sister that he is going away for ten years, and that he is going where the sun comes up. She says that he goes away too long when he goes any place, but Chekanbash never says anything. He gets ready and starts off and takes a deerskin with him. He comes to the place where the sun rises and there he lays down and goes to sleep with the deerskin over him, he'd feel very hot every now and then. At the end of the tenth year he wakes up and sees his deerskin beside him. It layed there in a heap and got so hard and stiff it was no use any more, so he looks at it and picks it up and wondered what had done that. He looks around and sees a big hole in the ground not far from him. He goes over and looks at it. He wonders what kind of an animal that lived there. So he goes and hides behind a little bush and watches who will come out of the hole. So as he was waiting for morning to come, he sees a light shining out of this hole, and soon the sun came out and almost smothered him to death, being so hot, and soon the sun was high up in the air, and Chekanbash wonders what he might do to it. He goes home and asks his sister for a snare, and she pulls out one hair out of her head and goes and gives it to him. This hair was very long and strong. Chekanbash takes it and goes back to the place again and sets a snare for the sun and he goes to the place where he hid before and there lays waiting for the sun to come up. When it came up it was caught in this snare, it jerked and jerked but couldn't get away and Chekanbash began to get very scared. He shoots at the snare with his bow and arrows, but couldn't hit it as the sun was pulling and jerking. So he gets a mouse and tells it to bite the snare off, as he throws it there, but

the mouse dies as he throws it to the sun, being it was too hot. He gets another mouse and rubs some medicine on it so it will not feel the heat. He throws it and the mouse bit the snare off, so the sun moved on very slowly, and this is why the sun seems to move very slow. The other Indians were wondering why it was dark so long. Chekanbash starts off for home and sings along the way that he had snared the sun and some heard him as he sang along and were going to kill him for trying to spoil the sun. He gets home and his sister says: "What have you been doing to the sun!" but he never answers and goes out again. He knew that some of them were going to try and kill him, but he goes right over to them to show that he wasn't afraid of them.

Note by G. E. L.—It is inferred that Chekanbash wanted to catch the sun for destroying the deerskin, and the catching of the sun caused an eclipse. This is according to other Ojibwa stories of the sun.

No. 461

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK, No. 33

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian woman was captured by a gang of Mohawks and they have been keeping her for some time. One morning she heard them say that they would kill her for their supper that evening. That afternoon these Mohawks were away to some place and after they had left, this woman says to herself, "They are going to kill me, so I must try and kill a few of them." So she puts up poles for them to put their feet on and get warmed, all around where they made their fire in the camp, and scatters a lot of gunpowder where their heads would be and covers it with a lot of dry grass what she got outside. So towards the evening when she expected them back she made a good big fire. When they got back they were all tired out, so she says to them, "I knew that you would be all tired, that's why I put these poles up for you, so you can put your feet up on them and get warmed and you won't feel so tired, that's what my people do." So they all laid down and they said, "We'll not kill her, she's going to be very helpful to us, we'll keep her." They all fell asleep, and she went around and tied every one's feet to the poles, and scatters some dry grass to the powder so it would gradually burn up to the powder. When she sees the fire nearly reaching the powder, she goes walking out of the camp and makes for her home; and all these Mohawks were burned and smothered to death.

Note by G. E. L.—These poles were laid along the ground around the fire and raised up off the ground a little for to rest the feet on, it was a customary thing to do.

No. 462

GIANTS—WHY PEOPLE DO NOT EAT EACH OTHER NOWADAYS

Windigo Story No. 17

Told by Thos. Sandy

Many years ago when there were giants in the world, and at that time the world was awfully bad, people killed and ate each other. One of the giants couldn't be killed by others, as he was the greatest among them, and time came that these giants were all killed by this great giant, and then he starts going around from place to place to kill the other people. An Indian, his wife

and two children lived near a big river, and this woman knew that there was an enemy coming to kill them, and tells her husband. So early next morning this Indian starts off in the direction where they expected the enemy to come from. After he was gone this woman sits down in the house with an axe beside her, and now she knows that the enemy is not far away. She hears some one tapping on the ice down the river and she goes out and looks down the river, there she sees a great big giant looking at her and she says to him, "Father," and this giant says, "You're not my daughter," and she says again, "But when I dreamed about you a few nights ago you called me your daughter." Then this giant comes running up from the river and kisses her and goes in the house and kisses the children too, and he really believes this was his daughter; and this is where this woman beats (bests) him. So, late in the afternoon the giant says to this woman, calling her, "My daughter" that she'd better go and meet her husband. "He's gone in the direction where I came from, and he may be afraid when he sees my tracks." So this woman starts off and meets her husband coming on the trail where the giant came. He says to her, "Why did you leave the children all alone for?" and he starts walking fast leaving his wife behind. She says, "wait for me, I can manage to kill him easier than you can, if he's going to fight." So they go along together and as they near the house they hear him singing, so they go walking in the house and there he had the two children sitting on his wrist and was singing to them. The giant gets up and kisses this man, calling him "my son-in-law." So in the evening when everything got calm, this giant sat outside of the house with his arms folded, listening to see if he can hear anyone that may live close around there. When he goes in to go to bed this woman says to him, "to go and visit the people he heard as he sat out there." So the next morning this giant goes and visits the people, and when he got there these Indians were going to kill him and he had to fight to save himself, so in the morning he came back with all these Indians he killed tied in a bundle. He puts the bundle down near the house and tells that he almost got killed by one woman there. When breakfast was ready he says that he'll have his outside where he left his bundle. He always had his meals there till he ate all these Indians that he had killed. He gathered a lot of wood through the day and brought it to this house so this man wouldn't need to cut any, and he also went out hunting and brought food to them. He was very useful, and now he's a good man. He had been a very bad man at first. So when spring came the woman asked him if he'd like a canoe to be made for him and he says "he would," and was very glad for this. So when it was finished he goes out in it and they watched him to see how fast he can paddle. So he paddles around in a big circle and paddles very fast. He comes up from the river and says to them that "there is an enemy that's going to kill them, coming not very far away," and he says that he knows a little island up the river, and that he would take them up there in a hurry so that the enemy couldn't find them. So they all got in the canoe and were at the island in a very short time, as the giant could paddle awfully fast. He says to them that he will try and run away from this enemy, and tells them that he's going to try and get across the ocean. "You will see me running on water, and the enemy, too, and if you hear me reach the other side, people shall never kill and eat each other any more." That's what this giant says to them. So he goes back to the house and puts rotten logs where they slept and covers them with the blankets, and he goes and hides not far away from the house. And when the enemy got there he goes walking in the house and hits these logs that were covered with the blankets and the good giant speaks from where he is hiding, saying, "What do you think you are

hitting?" So they start chasing each other and this Indian and wife can hear the big noise of trees being knocked down as they run through the bush, and later on they can hear them running on water, and they listen carefully if they can hear them reaching land, and finally they hear the giant's last steps on water and they hear them fighting next, and they hear one drop to the ground, and the good giant kills the bad one, and this is why the people don't kill to eat each other to-day.

Note by G. E. L.—For "house" read "camp." The latest generation of local Ojibwa, especially the young people, nearly always use the word "house" or "shack" for camps, and "boat" for "canoe." These are the ones that live on a Reserve or in towns, and whose lives resemble those of the local white people.

No. 463

ONJISHKUNG

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian named Onjishkung made his own stories about himself and his son. What they did while they were away from home, and each time as they came back he told a story to his people.

As we were walking along the river one day, a little distance ahead of us we saw a lot of canoes pulled up on the land. There were two houses not far from where the canoes were, but there was no one there. We went over and looked around, then I says to my son that we should stay there somewhere till they (the others) came down to see what we could do to them. So we went and built a little shack a little distant from there, and there we watched a few days. One day I said to my son, "Let's have a wrestle. Practice up a little. See what we can do when they come." So we started to wrestle, my son throws me down and chokes me. I just nicely got my breath when he let me go. So one morning my son went down to look for them, he came running in and told me that there was one woman sitting outside of one of the houses. So I was awfully afraid that they may find us, so I put the fire out. There we stayed till evening, as soon as it got dark we heard them all singing, so we went over and each went to one house. I watched my son to see what he did first. I saw him blowing in through a little hole at them. Then I went and did the same. As I blew they all fell asleep. Then I went in and killed them all except one woman and she would have killed me if she had had a club within her reach, but she grabs me and throws me down and chokes me, but I shouted for my son and he came and killed her, so we killed them all. But we didn't want anyone to come along and see what we did there, so we piled up the canoes, bows and arrows, clubs and food and burned every thing and started for home.

Note by G. E. L.—For "houses," read "camps."

No. 464

WEESCAYJOK AND THE LIONS

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian named Weescayjok lived with his uncle, and Weescayjok dreams about his uncle being killed by some animal living in water. His uncle went out hunting every day, and one day he did not return, and Weescayjok knows now that his dream had come true. He goes down to the river and sits

down right close to the water and starts to cry, As he sat there crying a Kingfisher came flying close to his head. Back and forwards this Kingfisher would fly, making a noise as he flew by Weescayjok's head, and this made Weescayjok mad (angry). He catches the bird and wets all his feathers, and then rubs his hand over them making them all stand up and throws the bird aside. The Kingfisher lays there and doesn't look like a Kingfisher now with all his feathers standing up. He says in a very low tone that he was going to tell Weescayjok who killed his uncle and Weescayjok heard him and said that he would give the Kingfisher the fur that he (Weescayjok had around his neck if he does tell him. This fur was grey with red in the front, so Weescayjok smoothed down all the Kingfisher's feathers again and ties the fur around its neck, and this is why the Kingfisher to-day has that mark around his neck. So the Kingfisher tells Weescayjok "there are three lions in that river, father and two sons, and the father lion was the one that killed your uncle," and tells him that "when he's out in a canoe that there will be a big whirlpool right close beside him where the lion comes up and looks out, and then twists his tail around him and pulls him out of the canoe," and also tells Weescayjok the island where these lions lived. So Weescayjok gets a dry log as big as he can get to go to the island on. So when he was about half way he sees the whirlpool and the lion which twisted its tail around him, but never budge him; another lion came, but that didn't budge him, but the next nearly pulled him off. So he knows that was the big lion that killed his uncle. Weescayjok gets to the island and waits for a sunny day and goes to the lion's home. They were all having a sleep in the sun, and he shoots the biggest lion with his bow and arrow and the other two wake up and run away. So Weescayjok starts off for home and he meets a frog coming along with a big drum and he asks the frog where he is going, and the frog says that "he's going over to see a dying lion that was shot by Weescayjok and says that he's going to make him well if he can." Weescayjok says, "I never heard of such a person by name 'Weescayjok'." So the frog asks him to go with him. Weescayjok says he will, but he says to the frog that they should practice there first. So the frog hangs up his drum and starts to sing and beat the drum, but Weescayjok says they should have something laying there beside them to pretend its the lion. So the frog gets a piece of a log and lays it down. As the frog bends down to lay the log down Weescayjok hits him with his club and kills him. He skins the frog. Then he gets into the skin and looks exactly like a frog. He goes over where the lions lived, with the drum and walked in. The lions said, "Here's the frog now." He sees the lion laying there almost dead. He orders all the lions that were there that they shall go out and says to them to take a short walk and when they hear the drum they should come in. As they all went out Weescayjok takes off the frog skin and puts it on top of the drum and kills this lion. Then he beats the drum and goes out and goes home.

Note by G. E. L.—Re lions (or panthers). Mysterious feline monsters living in lakes or rivers. A similar incident occurs in the Nanabush cycle of stories.

Weescayjok is the Canadian Jay, called Whiskey-Jack by the Northern white settlers and is sometimes a personage equivalent to Nanabush of the Southeastern Ojibwa of Ontario.

No. 465

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST, ALSO THE ORIGIN OF ROADS

Told by Thos. Sandy

This woman had a daughter, and she would dream about her daughter bending down for the berries when she picked them, so the next time her daughter went picking berries she warned her not to bend down for the berries, but to sit right down to pick. The daughter didn't like the idea of sitting down to pick, so she bends down for them the same as before, and a sudden blast of wind came and blew up her skirt so that she couldn't make it go down again. So she goes home and her mother takes off the daughter's clothes and puts on different ones. She says to her daughter, "You'll not live." When the wind blew up her daughter's dress it brought her four sons and she gave birth to these four boys and the last that she gave birth to she died, and her mother looks where she had laid the last time and sees a little bit of blood, and she picks it all up and places it on a shelf. When these four boys were all grown up, they said to their grandmother that they were going to leave her, but before they went away they got her a lot of wood and food, and they tell her they are not all going together and are all going in different directions. One of them calls himself "North" and says when he comes there shall be snow and cold weather; another calls himself "East" and says when he comes the days shall be bad and windy. Another calls himself "South" and says when he comes there shall be rain, thunder and lightning. The last calls himself "West" and says when he comes, the days shall be nice and breezy, so these four boys all left. One day this old lady looks on the shelf where she had placed the blood and there she sees a little rabbit. She wants to keep it alive if she could, but she didn't know what it eat. It didn't eat what she ate. At last she found out it ate leaves and the bark of young trees, so this rabbit soon got big. This rabbit made paths all around where they lived. So this is why there are roads to-day as the rabbit first started them. This rabbit went further and further all the time making paths till he reaches a body of water and he looks and sees land far off. He wants to get over to it if he can. So he makes a straight path right from their dwelling and tells the old lady he sees another land far off from the shore and wants her to go with him and jump across, but she says it's just as well to stay where they are, but he coaxes her to go and at last he got her to go. The rabbit says that he will go ahead, and they start out as fast as they can run and both jump across and they make a big noise on the ground as they land, so the old woman says the Indians shall call that noise. . . . Which is yet heard. She builds her camp there and says that's where she is going to stay the rest of her life, and the rabbit says to her that he is going to leave her, and that he shall be one of the animals that shall be eaten by the Indians.

Note by G. E. L.—Thos. Sandy says that he doesn't know the name of that noise either in Indian or English, or he doesn't know whether he ever heard it or not. It may be some subterranean noise or echo.

These four boys presumably grew up suddenly.

No. 466

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK (No. 34)

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian was captured by Mohawks and the Mohawks had been keeping him for a long time. They made him get wood and cook for them. These Mohawks got so lazy that they wouldn't go out and hunt for what to eat. They just ate in the house and kept themselves warm. They were getting awfully hungry and nothing to eat, so some of them says to kill him, but the older ones say they will have no one to get wood for them and it would be better to keep him. They planned out that they should heat ten stones red hot and should walk him on these stones barefooted and if he should burn his feet at all that they would kill him. So they got the ten stones and got them red hot and walked him along, but he never burnt his feet a bit. Again the ones that wanted to kill him planned out that he should walk around the little lake three times barefooted on the ice and if his feet should get cold at all that he will be killed. They walked with him around the lake and at three rounds they felt his feet to see if they were cold, but they were warm. So they started to cry as they were so hungry. The others that didn't want to kill him at first were getting very hungry themselves and they said they will kill him. So they made him make a big fire and boil some water in a big pot and when the water began to boil that's when they said they'd kill him. They all sat around with war clubs and one of them got up to see if the water was boiling and he says to them that it was nearly boiling and they began to sing and wave their clubs. So this Ojibwa shoved the Mohawk that was beside him in the pot and grabs his club and makes for the door and runs out. They all chased after him but they couldn't catch him.

No. 467

MEDOSS AND BAD MAN

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian was awfully bad and so was called the "Bad Man." They tried to kill him but no one could kill him, so everybody was afraid of him. He always kept two wives and would kill them and go and ask for another two, and the Indians had to let go whichever ones he wanted. The white people were very afraid of him, too. He walked into their store any time and took what he wanted. The Bad Man had the two sisters of an Indian named "Medoss" for his wives and had killed them. When Medoss knew that Bad Man had killed his sisters he got very angry and he tells his father that he's going over and try and kill him and doesn't care if he gets killed himself, but his father didn't want him to go and says to him that he'll only get killed, but Medoss said he doesn't care and that he was going to have a fight with Bad Man anyway. So he goes over to Bad Man's place and goes walking in. The Bad Man was just taking a drink of whiskey. He had a small barrel beside him, so Medoss sits down and is offered a drink. He makes out he's taking a big drink, but was letting it all run down his chin. Bad Man takes a big drink himself and gets very drunk and he starts talking to Medoss and tells him that he has five lives and that was the reason no one could kill him. Medoss asks him what he did with his two sisters. Bad Man says that he was drunk one day and got mad (angry) and took the axe and chopped one of the sister's head

off, and started to clap his hands. Medoss asks him what he had done with the other, and Bad Man says "Oh, she was sitting down not far from me, I took my knife and stuck it through her chest, and then again he'd clap his hands, and said, "He felt a little more like an Indian after he had killed them." Medoss says that he's going to the store after some whiskey, and the Bad Man says there's a plenty of it in the barrel, but Medoss says that he wants to get some himself so he can treat Bad Man. Medoss goes to the store and asks for a knife, an axe and a bottle of whiskey, and tells them that he is going to kill the Bad Man, but they say to him that he'd better not try it, but Medoss says that it will be all right if he himself gets killed. So they give him the knife, axe and the whiskey and says to him that if he kills Bad Man they will pay him well. So Medoss hides the knife and axe as he went in, he goes and hands the bottle to Bad Man who drinks all the whiskey, and bends down to put the bottle down on the floor. Medoss gets a hold of Bad Man's hair and throws him on the floor and cuts his head off and said, "You felt a little more like an Indian when you cut my sister's head off, eh!" and the Bad Man would stand up and stagger around without a head on, and Medoss stabs him through the chest with his knife and says to him, "You felt a little more like an Indian when you stabbed my sister, eh!" So he cuts Bad Man all up in small pieces and the flesh would move for quite a while after; and so the Bad Man was killed and Medoss was paid for killing him.

No. 468

WHY TREES ARE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

Told by Thos. Sandy

After the summer was over, one time, the mosquitoes thought that they would go and stay with the Thunderbirds for the winter, so when they got there they were noticed all having full stomachs with blood, and were asked where they got all the blood, but the mosquitoes didn't want to tell them so they said, "They got it from the trees." And if they had told the Thunderbirds where they did get the blood, all the Indians would have been killed, and this is the reason why the trees are struck by lightning.

No. 469

THE GREAT MOSQUITO

Told by Thos. Sandy

One time an Indian thought he would go where the mosquitoes lived, having heard that they were killing a lot of Indians. So when the mosquitoes were all asleep he comes and sneaks in on them. The daughter of the Great Mosquito awakes and sees the Indian sneaking in at the door, and she tells her father, "There is some one sneaking in at the door," but he says to her "to go to sleep that there is no one that would come around that time of night." Again she says, "He's sneaking in again," but they wouldn't believe her, they would say to her that she just imagined that she saw some one there. So at last they got up and took a light outside to see if she was telling the truth, and sure enough they see tracks outside, so they said that they must have a feast for the daughter. The next morning the son of this Great Mosquito says that he'll go and track this moose up and kill it; and he would have been the one that would have killed it, but his father says that it "will get away from you," and that he will go

himself. He takes with him a red feather and a grey one. He says to them that if he kills the moose he will have the red feather on his hat when he's coming back. So he starts off and tracks the moose up. By and by he looses the tracks by a tree, there were no tracks any further and he didn't know enough if the moose climbed the tree, but after a while he saw it up in the tree, so he got his bow and arrow and is ready to shoot, but the moose says to him that it would be better for him not to shoot it, but to climb up after it and to kill it up there, and he wouldn't waste any blood by doing so. So the Great Mosquito climbed up with a club, as he got near the moose and was going another step up he looked down to see that he didn't miss the limb. The Indian (moose) speared him in the back of the neck. The mosquito fell down and laid there for quite a while. Late in the afternoon he gets up and goes home with the *grey* feather on. His son saw him coming. He runs in and tells the rest that the father has the *red* feather on and they were all glad. The Great Mosquito gets there and never says anything but goes and lays down and they see the spear sticking in at the back of his neck, and they didn't know what to do to get it out, so they ask the common house fly what they can do, and he says to "push it right on through." And they did so, and it killed this Great Mosquito.

No. 470

THE FATHER WHO TRIES TO GET HIS SON KILLED

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian lived with his sister-in-law and his son and he was very jealous of his son whom he thought might marry the sister-in-law. So he plans out to take him away up the river and leave him. There was a road coming from the place where he plans to take his son, and there are some bad Indians living on that road that killed everybody that went past, and he wanted his son to be killed. So he says to his son that he is going away up the river and wants him to come with him. So his son goes with him, and every night this Indian would tell his son to have a sleep and that he would paddle alone all night. He is trying to get his son lost by doing this, and when his son would wake up in the morning he'd never know where he was, so when a certain night came his father says that they will get out and both have a sleep. So they got out and both made a place to sleep. The father pretended that he is sleeping and as soon as his son went to sleep he gets in the canoe and leaves him there. The son wakes up and finds out that he's left alone. He knew that there was a road there somewhere, so he says to himself that he's going to get back home some way, and he knows that his father is trying to get him killed. So he hunts for the road and finds it and starts off for home. He sees the houses ahead of him where the bad Indians live, but goes right on. He goes into the first house and there was just one woman there, she asks him how he got to that place, so he tells her all about it. She tells him how he can get past where the men lived. She gives him a weasel and tells him what to do. The bad Indians had their dogs tied up close to the road and when anyone was passing the dogs barked, and all the bad Indians came running out with clubs and bows and arrows. So as he went past the dogs started to bark and he jumps into the shallow ditch by the road and holds this weasel up, and when all the bad Indians came running out they see no one but the weasel, so they whip their dogs for barking and tell them to "lay down," and they all went in again. He gets up and walks on and gets home and his father still wants to kill him. So the

father makes a big fire and says to his son, they would try and see who could stand the most heat, so they sat down close to the fire, but the father was beat (lost the test). He fell from his chair and was smothered by the heat.

No. 471

OJIBWA AND MOHAWK (No. 35)

Told by Thos. Sandy

These Indians (Ojibwa) had camped by a river after being chased by a big gang of Mohawks. They had captured two little Mohawk boys from these Mohawks. One evening these two boys were talking away to each other like they never did before, so the Ojibwa sent for one Indian who could understand the Mohawk language, so he came and listened to the boys and the boys were talking about their people would be camping up the river not far from where the Ojibwas were by this time, in a search for these Ojibwa. These Ojibwa knew that there were some white people living away on up the river, and this is where the Ojibwas were going to borrow a rifle from the white people, as they were too few of them to fight against the big band of Mohawks. So that night they got ready and started out and had these two boys with them, and they warned the boys that if they made a noise of any kind as they passed where the Mohawks camped that they would be killed. They came to the place and the Mohawks were all awake yet, there was a light in every camp as they passed by. One of the Mohawks came out with a light in his hand and a cup and down to the river and gets a cup of water, and looks to see if the water was clean. After he was through he throws the light in the water and turns again and goes up to his camp. If he had come out without a light he would have seen these Ojibwa going by. So after these Ojibwa had gone quite away up, they started to shout. The Mohawks were all down to the river and into their canoes in a short time, but they couldn't catch the Ojibwa. When the Ojibwa got to where the white men were they asked them for the loan of their rifles, and told them about the big band of Mohawks that were chasing them, but the white men said that they would go themselves and meet the Mohawks and see what they could do. There were only about as many of them as the Ojibwa. They killed the two boys first and started down the river to meet the Mohawks. They killed every one of them and only lost one man. The whites gave the Mohawk weapons to these Ojibwa and told them that they had left the weapons at the place where they had the fight.

No. 472

WAMESAQUA AND THE BEARS

Told by Thos. Sandy.

This Indian named Wamesaqua was well liked by the wild animals, and some were wanting to marry him. So one time he was having a sleep in the bush, he felt some one touch him, he opens his eyes to see what it was and it was a female bear laying beside him. She asks him to marry her, so he said that he would. So he takes her to his home, and every day she went picking berries and saving them for the winter. They had planned that they should stay at this Indian's home for the summer and for winter that they should go and stay at her home with the other bears. So they had a little son and when

winter came they went over to her home, and when they got there they went in. It was a big cave in a rock, and as they went in the bears all gave her a cheer, that she was married to this Indian. All her brothers and sisters were glad that she was married to him, and they all liked him very much and his boy. This boy had a great time playing with the little bears, only sometimes they'd happen to scratch him, and that made him cry, and all the big bears would go running out to see what was wrong with the boy, and they told the little bears to try not to scratch him, but the little bears couldn't help it. Every day this boy would get a scratch. So Wamesaqua makes his boy bows and arrows and tells him that if he got scratched again, to shoot the biggest one. So the boy starts playing with them again and gets scratched again and he shoots the biggest as he was told, the other little bears say that young Wamesaqua is killing them. So all the big bears ran out and saw that one of them was killed, but they didn't want to say anything, and after that they didn't like this Indian as well. They wanted to kill him, but they were rather afraid that they might get killed themselves, and as they all sat around their cave with this Indian, the old bears says, as if he was just joking but really meant it: "Supposing that Wamesaqua was trying to kill me." The old bear jumps up and makes for the door and runs up a big dry tree, which was just outside and breaks limbs off at the top and throws them down as if hitting at someone. They all ran out with the old bear and saw what he did, nad they made up their mind that they still liked this Indian, but he knew that they wanted to kill him, so Wamesaqua picks up his bow and arrow and runs out and says, "Supposing the bears were trying to kill me." and he shoots a big rock and smashes it to pieces, and they all saw what he did and were very afraid of him then, so they tried to run away from him. They would wake up early in the morning and try to run away from him, but each time Wamesaqua would find them, and he wanted to know why he couldn't wake up as they left. So he awakes just as they awoke one morning and he just opened his eyes a little to see what they did, and the big bear came and blowed on his foot and he fell asleep again, and they all left him again. When he awoke he knew now why he didn't wake up the other times, and he gets very mad (angry) for what they were doing to him. He takes his bow and arrows with him and takes (chases) after them. When he found them he shoots the one that he had seen blowing on his foot. And all the rest of the bears ran in all directions and lost each other, and this is the reason why a bear is seen to be all alone in the bush to-day.

No. 473

CHEBSTODIN

Told by Thos. Sandy

As these Indians were camping along their way to a place where they wanted to go, and as they would set up camp each time where they wanted to camp for two or three days, this Indian Chebstodin would put up his camp a little distance from where the others built theirs, being he was the greatest man (chief), So one day his two boys were out playing and they were quite aways from where they were camped, they saw two men, these two men have been following them all the time wanting to kill them, only they were afraid. So they asked these boys, "Who was the greatest man among their people." These boys were very afraid of them and told them that their father was. These two men then asked the boys how they could tell where their house was, and

the boys tell them that they have their camp all alone from the rest. So these boys went home and were going to tell, but they forgot. When night came everybody was asleeping these two men came to Chebstodin's camp and said he was invited to a feast. So both he and his wife wake up. And he says that nobody would be having a feast that time of night. His wife says for him to go. So he goes out and he was killed as he got outside. His wife wonders why she couldn't hear anyone talking outside the camp and she goes out to see and sees Chebstodin laying dead outside. The next morning these boys told about seeing these two men but forgot to tell.

No. 475

THE SKUNK AND CERTAIN OTHER ANIMALS

Told by Thos. Sandy

All these animals were gathered together, there was the beaver, mink, weasel, marten, fisher, otter, badger and the lynx. They knew that someone was coming to kill them so they went into an old blind woman's home planning out what they might do. So they say that someone should go and find out who it is. The weasel says that he'll go, so away he runs. After he was quite away he goes along under the snow and sticks his head out once in a while and looks, but never sees anyone. So he goes along again and sticks his head out to look once more. He sees skunk tracks and he runs back and tells them its a skunk. So they said that the only thing they can do is to run away. So they are going to dig their way along under the ground. Later on the skunk gets there and asks the old blind woman where all the ones that were there had gone to. The skunk says that he'll pay her if she tells him. So she tells him all about what they were saying and where they're gone. So the skunk gives her just a little of his scent and kills her and goes on. By this time all these who were running away from there came to a small lake, and they knew that the enemy was still following them, and they make up their minds that they're going to kill the skunk. So the lynx and the fisher are the ones that's going to kill it. So the lynx climbs up a tree by the path and fisher hides below and when the skunk came along the lynx jumps down on him and chews his head off, and the fisher jumps up and holds the skunk so he couldn't scent them. So they killed the skunk and they cut it in very small pieces, and they cut the castors out and divided them amongst themselves, and this is the reason why all these animals have castors, and the small pieces of skunk which they cut up they scattered all over, and this is the reason why there is skunk cabbage growing to-day. The fisher says to the rest that he is going to the ocean, so he starts off. As he walks along he sings that he's holding a skunk from scenting him, and the wolves heard him, so they're going to scare him. So they hid where he'd go along and as he got there they all jumped up and shouted, and the fisher ran up a tree and the wolves says to him to come down, so he comes down and they want him to go along with them. They are hunting along, so he goes along with them. When night came the wolves pick out a spot to sleep, and they tied up little bundles of sticks for their pillows. They gave the fisher one bundle too, He couldn't sleep very good that night sleeping on the ground. So when morning came the wolves want him to take the lead and when night came again he climbs up a tree and the wolves climbed up with him, but the wolves got cold through the night as they weren't used to sleeping up in a tree. So they said to the fisher that they had to leave him being they were too cold, so they left

him. When morning came he starts off and comes to a river where he sees all the wolves sitting down. He goes over to them and says to them that he'll go and hunt for something to eat. He comes back with some beaver he had caught and a small one for himself. So the wolves make a fire. They piled up the wood and then one of the wolves jumps over the pile three times and the fire starts. This wolf breaks wind on the fisher's hands and the fisher says, "Why are you doing that for on me." The wolf says, "I am giving you the fire." So they had their meal and after they were through the fisher starts off for the ocean again. On his way he came to a river where he saw where some beaver lived, so he kills one of them and is going to have a meal, so he piles up the wood and is going to do what the wolves did to start a fire, so he jumps over it. This fire didn't start and he jumps over it till he's tired but couldn't get the fire going, so he's going to eat the beaver raw, but before he starts, he says that "all animals shall eat food without cooking it after this." So he starts his meal and after he was through starts off again and comes to a camp with elk living in it. He goes walking in and sits down and talks to them there were bows and arrows hanging on the wall so he takes one of them and pretends to show them a trick his father used to do. He takes the bow and shoots the biggest there, so the rest all ran out and ran away. The fire was just going good, so he's going to have a meal. He hangs the elk over the fire and when it was just about cooked he looks at one of the trees and there were two of the limbs twisted together. He climbs up to have a close look at it, and these limbs spread open and closed again and he got his arm caught between the limbs. Then the tree says for the wolves to come and eat, and a big band of wolves came and ate the elk. He tried and tried to get his arm out but couldn't till after the wolves were gone. He came down to see if there was a little meat left on the bones. So he looks at the head and sees a very little and is going to eat it, but the head grabbed him and bit his head and he couldn't get it off, so he starts off again with the elk's head on him and runs into a tree and he asks the trees "what kind of a place it stands on?" and the tree says, "Near the shores of the ocean." So when he got to the shore he heard a voice saying that they "will make a good use of him there." So he turns and runs back and ran into a rock and knocked the elk's head off which was on him, but the Indians bound him with thongs and said that they were going to "ease nature" over him and so they did and he was trying to loosen himself all the time. Quite awhile afterwards he got himself loose and he stands there with a club and an old fat woman came over and he knocks her on the head and runs down to the ocean and washes himself, and this is the reason the ocean water is not good for drinking.

Notes by G. E. L.—The ocean in this story is probably meant for Hudson Bay, or James Bay, as the story comes from Northern Ontario.

The tree and the wolves incidents occur in the Nanabush cycle.

Indian names of animals in this story:

Mink—Shonyuash	}	Jas. Sheebgo
Weasel—Shingos		
Beaver—Ahmic		
Otter—Negig		
Badger—Wigeeg		
Lynx—Pegoojcashug		
Marten—Wabishashe		

No. 477

WINDIGO STORY (No. 18)

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian had a family of four. He and his wife and his eldest son turned into devils and what they eat were Indians. They ate up the rest of the family first and then they went around eating others. They became Windigoes. Another Indian had two sons, a wife and a daughter, and they knew that someone was coming to kill them, so they are trying to run away. They travelled and travelled and had nothing to eat, but still they knew the enemy was following them, and they went on till they couldn't go any further, they were so tired and they hardly had flesh left on them as they hadn't ate anything from some time, so they just built a little camp and were going to let the enemy kill them. They all laid down and they soon heard someone coming who came in and looked at them and saw how thin they were, and went out again and came back with a big moose and cooked it for them, and went out and got another big moose and got a lot of wood for them and then went away. This Windigo was alright in the summer, he lived the same as others, but in the winter he killed and ate Indians. So when winter came this Indian knew that the Windigo was coming again, so he takes the insides out of a big moose, and they went over by a lake and got inside this moose and let the snow cover them. This Indian who was a devil (or Windigo) was coming and knew they were under the snow. He had a pointed stick and was feeling around for them. He had almost found them when this Indian saw the stick and pulled it away from him. So then the Windigo gave up trying to kill them. So when summer came this devil came and lived with them and wanted to marry the daughter very much, so this Indian let's him marry her, and as winter came when they would be sleeping at night he'd bite the daughter and she would shout and they knew that he was going to eat her, so they killed him while he slept.

No. 479

SAVING OTHERS

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian knew that someone was coming to kill him and he knew that two families of Indians were living down the river, and he thought that he'd go down and see if they'd let him in, he's depending on them to kill the enemy so he goes down and comes to the first camp and he sees a big woman cooking outside, and he's afraid to go over to the camp. He's afraid the big woman might kill him, so he goes on to the next camp and he goes in there, and they also knew that an enemy was coming, so when night came they intend to stay awake but they all fell asleep as it was getting late. It was only this Indian that was awake, but he doesn't wake them up. He puts three loaded muskets and an axe beside him and is just watching for the door to open, as soon as he saw it moving he fired. The third shot he fired he took his axe and ran out, there the big man (the enemy) was staggering, so he finished him with the axe. Thus he saved the ones he depended on to save himself.

No. 478

LICE

Told by Thos. Sandy

These Indians were hunting bear and they came to where the marten lived. So they asked him if he would like to hunt Meko (or Mukwa, the bear) with them, but he doesn't know what they mean. He thinks its Ahko (the louse) as he has a lot of them and these Indians had never seen lice before. So he goes along with them. They all got so far apart and were walking through a very thick forest, when he felt a louse walking on his head, so he got his finger on it and started to shout that he has one. They all ran to where he was, but they saw no bear. They saw him standing there with his finger on his head and they came and saw what he had. This was the first time they saw a louse.

Louse—Ahko. Marten—Wabishashe.

No. 480

KEONWE

Told by Thos. Sandy

This Indian, Keonwe, had a brother named Nagshewad, and Nagshewad got that name as he was never beaten in a race. They would look at the sun and see how high it was, and Nagshewad would start around the world and the sun would be at the same place when he'd finish his round. This other Indian had four sons and these Indians were of a different tribe than what Keonwe and Nagshewad were. The youngest of these sons killed Nagshewad. Keonwe knew who killed his brother and was very angry and was looking for a chance to kill the whole family of them. So one day Keonwe was out hunting. He was just at a place where there were some beaver. He meets the man that killed his brother, but this man doesn't know Keonwe. So they talk together there and Keonwe says for him to bring his brothers and father the next day and they'll kill all the beaver what's there. So this man starts back for home and Keonwe hid his bow and arrows under the snow near where they would make a hole in the ice. The next day they all met there and Keonwe says that he'll cut the ice where they were going to make the dam if they would cut the poles and the brush for the dam. So the youngest did the cutting in the bush and the others carried the poles and brush out. As their father came down with poles and was bending down at the edge of the ice making the dam, Keonwe spears him through the neck and shoves him under the ice. He did this to three of them. The youngest was up the hill aways. When he knew they were killed he just sat down as it was no use for him to try and run away. So Keonwe takes his bow what he had hid and shoots him. A little later the mother of these boys came down with some women of her tribe and some of Keonwe's tribe, so she asks him where her husband and boys are gone. He tells her they were under the ice and one was up the hill aways. She starts chasing him with her club and striking at him. So they ran around for a long time till she fell and was dead as her wind was gone. He goes over and kills all the women of her tribe, and says to the others to go home wherever their homes were.

No. 481

THE WHITE DEER AND WHY DEER LOSE THEIR HORNS IN WINTER

Told by Jos. Yellowhead

Once upon a time there lived a very, very old man. He had adopted a little boy that was given to him when he was visiting other Indians who lived far off. He payed much attention to the little lad. He spent much time teaching him how to use his bow and arrows, how to approach the big game animals, how to talk to them, how to charm them, how to call them by their names, how to deceive their powers of smelling him, and even how to attract their attention to him; and for this, the old man was very much pleased, as he was getting very old. He told the little lad one day that he wanted the boy to kill him. Of course, the little lad did not know what he meant. He thought the old man was going to kill him, although the old man told him why, because he was getting too old and that he could not help the boy with his hunting. So the little boy didn't know what to do, because there was nobody near except the wild animals, such as deer, bears, wolves, caribou and so on. So one day the old man made up his mind what to do in order to make the lad kill him, so he told the lad to go out and hunt for something to eat and told him to kill the first animal he came to and told him that he was going ahead to break the path for him, and after a while he could come. So the old man went ahead and when out of sight he changed himself into a big white rabbit, and after a while the boy thought he would go, so he went and followed the path and very soon he saw a big rabbit right in front of him. He aimed at it with his bow and arrow and pulled the string with all his might and, as ill luck would have it, he broke his bow in two, and he didn't know what to do to kill the rabbit, so he thought he'd make for it and catch it alive. So he jumped with all his might and caught it by the tail. The rabbit jumped about so furiously that his tail soon gave way, but the lad caught it by the ears and took it home this way, and that is why the rabbit's tail is so short and his ears so long. When the boy got the rabbit home he tied him up and went back to get his broken bow and arrows. He looked around and saw the snow shoes stuck in the snow. He soon learned by the tracks made by the old man what he did, so he ran back with the snow shoes to the camp, and he saw the old man in the camp tied up just like the way he had tied the rabbit. So he untied the bonds and freed the old man. Now the old man was very angry at him, but he soon calmed down, and in about a few weeks later the old man thought he'd try another scheme, so one day he told the boy to go and hunt a deer, and if he fail to kill one he would kill the boy. So the boy started off and as soon as he was out of sight the old man hurriedly changed himself into a deer, but he didn't notice that his head was white. He ran as fast as he could and stood in the little hunter's path, but the little boy had hidden himself when he saw the strange looking deer. After a while he thought that he would go up close to the deer without letting it know, so he went and stood very close and spoke to it in the deer language, and to his astonishment, the supposed deer collapsed and fell to the ground. The boy readily bound it up with thongs and tied its hind legs together, and tied its horns to a tree, and ran home to tell the old man. When he got to camp he saw nobody there. As he was a little tired he thought he would sit down and wait for the old man. He waited and waited till it was getting dark, and as he waited he fell asleep and as he slept he dreamed someone was speaking to him and told him that he was to leave the camp in the morning

as early as possible, and that the old man was planning to kill him. So early in the morning he prepared to go, as he was told in his dream to follow or go straight towards the sun at daytime and the moon at night, so he went towards the east before the sun got up, he followed or went towards it all day and he walked all night and the next day and so on till he came to a village of Indians where he received a warm welcome and after a few days he was asked where he came from and what he came for. He told them his story and told them that an old man was planning to kill him, so they thought that they'd watch for the old man, but nobody came. After the boy grew up like a big man he thought he would go out hunting one day, so he went out. Suddenly he saw a strange looking beast. It looked so white just like the snow. He wondered what this meant so he asked some of the deer that stood close by "why that deer was all white?" They told him that a very old man once transformed himself into a deer and he was caught alive by a hunter who tied him up for the night to a tree, and as it was snowing heavy and very cold that night the snow froze to his hair and that is why he is all white. "But how did he get loose?" "He pulled and pulled till he pulled his horns off, and, as we all laughed at him, he condemned us to lose our horns also every year," and this is why we sometimes see a white deer, and also why the deer lose their horns in winter. The end of the story.

No. 482

ANIMAL AND BIRD LORE

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Well, my father says whenever white birds are seen, which are not usually all white, his grandfather used to tell him whenever those are seen that there is going to be a great tribulation take place. Now, like as it was before this last war had taken place, we saw a strange bird, which was never seen in this country (local) before. A brown bird about the size of the "cock of the woods" (a large woodpecker). It had a long, hooked bill and white neck, about three years before the war broke out, so it must be true whenever strange things are seen that there is going to be war in existence.

Now about the skunk being stinking. That was given to him as a weapon. He uses that when he is hungry. He can shoot at a little pond or water hole wherever there are frogs. He makes all the frogs float up, and he goes to work and eats them, and kills groundhogs with it, too.

Now about the deer losing their horns. It's the nature of the animal. Moose are the same and reindeer also. They all lose their horns in January. Every year each prong will tell their age.

Now about the blue jay having its feathers stuck up on its head. It's only a mere decoration of the bird. Old Nanibush decorated those birds in this way. He coloured it (the jay) blue and put a white collar on it, and stuck the feathers in its head to make it look pretty.

Why the robin had a red breast. Nanibush decorated it because it did some good deed for him.

No. 483

THE ORIGIN OF THE CHICADEE AND ITS SPRING CRY

Told by Jos. Yellowhead

It was in the early autumn when the Indians used to go up the rivers to their hunting grounds. There was a certain family that used to go up every autumn as they were very fond of the winter season. They would go up there

and hunt and also make beaver blankets. These were made from beaver skins sewed up together into a large blanket, and were very often used to draw the luggage on in the winter, after the manner of the toboggan. These blankets were used as mattresses as well. When the spring was drawing near all the family used to be very sad to lose the snow, and felt very happy when the snow came again in the fall, because they were happy hunters. One winter they killed a lot of deer, beaver, muskrats and so on, and they didn't know what to do with all the meat, and as it was getting late in the winter or else early in the spring before the snow started to melt, and that they couldn't very well take all the meat away to their home, and because they thought a lot of their wild meat, they wouldn't dare to leave it behind them, so they began to think up some plan. As they had two boys and a little girl the parents thought they would never reach home with all the meat and the children. So they made up their minds to take most of the meat home, leave the children in the camp and come back after them and the rest of the meat. They started on their journey. All the rest of the Indians had gone ahead already and had broken out a trail which was padded very solid. So this enabled them to travel at a considerable speed, especially as the weather had been so favourable. As the children had lots to eat in the camp it made them forget their misfortune. After a few days had passed, one morning when the boys woke up they missed their little sister. As there was nobody else around they couldn't understand where their sister went to, so they began to hunt for her. They hunted every place where they thought she'd be, but couldn't find any trace of her. Then they began to be frightened because they couldn't go and follow their parents as the latter had been gone for about a week already, and if they'd try to do so they would be eaten by the wolves as they were not strong enough to use their bows and arrows for big game, and moreover they couldn't go very far. They began to wonder as they sat outside of their wigwam, and very soon the sun was very low in the west. They watched it go down. Very soon they heard the owls talking to each other as if talking about something, such as about their close neighbours. When the darkness had crept into the great forest they went in their wigwam, and as they sat there they could hear the wolves howling in the dense forest. As they sat listening and trembling they heard heavy footfalls all around the wigwam, sometimes accompanied by a little musical cry "cop-cop-cop-cop-cop-cop, and every once in a while they could hear the distant barking and howling and now the wolves seemed to be closer than ever before; so they prepared, got their bows and arrows and seated themselves on the far side of the wigwam, thinking they would shoot the first beast that ventured in their doorway, but fortunately none came and they could hear the deadly music dying away as the dawn appeared in the east. They waited till the sun rose up and they again went in search for their sister until the youngest began to cry and very soon the both were crying "Ne-she-mah, Ne-she-mah, Ne-she-mah," and at last as they cried both of them began to be transformed into two little birds. They flew to the camp and picked at the meat till they were full, and the two little birds stayed around the camp. One day the father came back. When he got near he couldn't hear anybody, so he went closer and still he couldn't hear a sound, so he went hurried into the camp, thinking that they might be hiding somewhere inside. He searched and searched till he gave up, and thought that they must have been eaten by the wolves or bears, but all the meat was there untouched, so he went inside and he heard some one crying "Ne-she-mah, Ne-she-mah," and then he saw two little birds flying towards him. When they got near to him he asked them "Why they were crying so?" They told him

that "they had lost their sister" and they both started crying again and they flew away crying. This is why we hear the chickadee crying in the spring. The end.

Note by G. E. L.—Chicadees have a different cry in the spring to their ordinary chirping.

No. 484

WITCH STORY. (No. 71)

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Long, long ago there was a witch. He lived somewhere around Scugog Island. Some one taught him to be a witch and he killed one man. As soon as he knew it (that he was a witch), in about a year he was going to start and kill all the people he can get to kill, and as he was just going out of his home he fell back and was sick. He got very sick. He couldn't do anything and some old people went to pray for him to get better, some would pray to God to let him into Heaven, and the sick man got happy. The next morning an old man went over to see him and he saw that this sick man was happy. His face was bright and he said that he was going to Heaven when he died. He said to the man that came to see him, "I'll show you my ticket to go to Heaven." He was holding something in his hand, but the other man couldn't see it. He said "The angel of the Lord gave me that ticket and I've got to look after it. If I don't a man is going to come and try to take it away from me." He said to his visitor, "Can you see the train that goes by here every day? That's the train. I'm going to take that one to go to heaven, but the other train that comes behind is going to hell and I can hear the poor people crying in great agony when that train passes by, but the one that goes up is the train that I am going to take, and there are flags all along the cars, and singing." After this man heard this he went home hoping the other man's vision would come true. As soon as he got home he was called back; a little boy came and called him back to the same place and he went back. He found the sick man was crying and went up to him and asked him "what he did that he fell back?" And the sick man said, "I'll tell you. An old woman taught me this witch medicine and I've killed a man and I was just waiting for that train (the one for heaven) to come in and the other train (the devil's) came in too, and I saw a man jumping off the devil's train, and he came right up to me and he took my ticket away, and jumped on the one that is going to heaven, and I had to take the other's ticket and two men came off and threw me on the devil's train, and that man that took my ticket is the man that I killed long ago, and he is going to heaven instead of me and I'm going to hell." He started to cry and began hitting at something, fighting, scratching, biting, yelling, and jumping off his bed. He kept on doing this and he was heard crying yet. He was cold; that's when he didn't have any life in him. This man's name was Sam Goose, as I heard an old man call him, and who said that he was a little boy when this happened. Now he is a very old man, about seventy years old. He's my uncle; he used to live on Scugog Island.

Note by G. E. L.—Scugog Island in Lake Scugog, southerly part of Victoria County, between that and Durham County, Ontario, is a Mississauga Reserve.

No. 485

THE ITALIAN WHO WORKED AND TRAPPED ON SUNDAY

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Long ago there lived an Italian up north and the Indians used to go with him. They used to see him work each Sunday as though it were on Monday, and they used to go with him when they were going out trapping, and every Sunday the Indians would stay in their camps, but this man would go out and see his traps, but he never made any profits even when he did that, and one day he died very suddenly and the Indian that was with him hurried around looking for good wood to make a coffin and he put that man to one side and wrapped him up good and then he started to make a coffin to put him in. He was going to take him home in the coffin and now it was two days since he died, and the Indian was just starting to make the cover. The third day he heard something behind him. He saw that the man was looking at him, but it never bothered him, he just went on with his work. He thought the Italian wasn't alive, so he went and looked again. The Italian was sitting up; he was looking this way and that way. Then the Indian spoke to him, and he wouldn't speak back, only he made motions that he wanted a drink and the Indian gave him some water and then he spoke and said that he was around the Golden Gate for a long time but they wouldn't let him in. They told him that he didn't keep the sabbath day holy, and so they sent him back to see if he would keep the sabbath day holy for the rest of his life. He thought that he was up there for a long time, but he was only dead for three days, and so after that he was a man that kept the sabbath day holy. The Ojibwa name for an Italian or a Frenchman is Wam-tee-gooch. This is a true story.

No. 486

PETER NIPPLE, OR PETER CUT NOSE

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Long ago when this man lived he used to go after women, trying to take them to the bush where nobody would see what he's going to do, and when a married man took him for a hunting trip he would go with him for a ways and then he'd play sick, and he'd be told to turn back, and that's what he wants to hear, and he'd get after that man's wife, but she'd keep him away with a poker in her hand, and if a boy tells on him he would smother the boy, so's nobody would know what happened to that boy, because if he didn't do that the wronged husband would bite off Peter's nose and every woman would know that he's that sort of a man. He would try to get the same woman again, and at last he was caught. A husband that was out trapping was coming home and caught Peter Nipple. He grabbed him and tied him up good so that he wouldn't move. Then he bit Peter's nose off. After that they called him Peter Cut Nose, and if he was caught again his ear would be bitten off. One day a little boy caught him going after a little girl, and this boy was going to tell on him and he killed the boy. They missed the boy. Peter went and throwed the boy in a little pond. They looked for this boy and at last Peter told that he saw something in a little pond and when they got there, just as he was showing the place where he saw this something, he fell in himself and was drowned and that was the last of Peter Cut Nose. True story.

Note by G. E. L.—A similar custom existed amongst the Blackfeet. If a husband caught his wife in adultery, or if she was known to commit adultery, he had the right to bite her nose off. I've seen these noseless squaws myself in the early eighties.

No. 487

WHY THE WOLF IS NOT FRIENDLY WITH THE FOX

Told by Clifford Sandy

A fox once lived in a large bush where a road passed at the edge of it. On that road a baker used to pass every other day with bread. The fox hunted mice and other little animals. One day he was puzzled, he couldn't find anything to eat. Then he went to visit his friend the wolf to see if they would help each other out, so that they would be happy the rest of their lives. The wolf said that he would. Then the fox left the wolf and he tried hard to look for something to eat and to fulfill his promise, but the wolf did not do anything, for he just had a good dinner, so that he did not care to help out any one.

At sunset the fox came to his home with a happy thought. He did not go to his friend the wolf at all, but went straight to bed, thinking that he would get up early in the morning. As soon as the daylight began to peep through the trees the fox arose and ran to the road and laid there. He waited long, but he hoped that his plans would work out. When he saw the baker coming, the fox laid still and tried hard not to breathe aloud, and he laid still as though he were dead. The baker, thinking that the fox had been poisoned, picked him up and threw him in the wagon in which he kept the bread, then he jumped on his wagon and started on again. The fox started to throw bread out on the side of the road and when he had enough he jumped out and hid all the bread and took some to his friend the wolf. After they had finished eating the fox told all about how he got the bread.

The wolf decided to go and try that trick, too, the next time the baker came. He went to the road and laid as though he were dead, but the baker was prepared for that this time, he took out his club and, to make sure that the wolf was dead, he pounded him with the club. Then the wolf ran for his life. He went to the fox and said he (the fox) had played a trick on him. The fox said sure he got the bread from the baker, but the wolf would not believe him. That's the way the wolf parted friends with the fox.

No. 488

THE LION AND THE SQUAW

Told by Lottie Marsden

Some years ago a lion stole a squaw and took her in his den where he had some little ones. The Indians got so mad (angry) at the lion for taking the squaw away, that they made him let the squaw go, but he took the arm off the old squaw first and then threw her out of his den. The Indians couldn't go near the den, he would have killed them all. The little ones (lions) were making noises that made the earth shake, and the squaw told her story of the times she had when she lived with the lion. She was never let out of the den where the lion lived. The squaw had to eat little (young) cattle, and sheep, and little colts what the lion stole. everything what people shouldn't eat, but the old squaw was made eat them. This ends the story.

Note by G. E. L.—The lion was probably the American panther and occurs frequently in Ojibwa stories.

Nos. 488 and 489 were collected by Lottie Marsden from John Doe, a northern Ojibwa.

No. 489. (SERPENT STORY No. 14)

THE STORY OF A SERPENT WHO LIVED WITH A SQUAW

Told by Lottie Marsden

In the Indian olden days there was a family of Indians camped in the bush near the river. They had one daughter and two sons. They thought so much of the little squaw because they had just the one. One morning she says to her mother, "To-day I am going to leave you." "No," said her mother, "we can't do without you, for we think so much of you." "Well, I must go," the little squaw said to her mother. "If I stay here I will be killed, and you must let me go," so she packed up and off she went. They never saw her for over two years and one night there was a knock at their camp door, and here it was her daughter with a child in her arms that she got since she left, but they didn't think much of the child because she lived with the serpent. The young squaw didn't like it that her parents didn't think much of the child she had, and she says to her parents, "Well, this will be the last time I will come. I will never come to see you any more." Her father says, "Where do you live?" She told them, and her father knows what to do to go there and kill the serpent before she gets back there. The Indian started off to hunt. His daughter didn't know what he was going to do. He travelled one day and one night and got to where the serpent lived. He talked to him, but he didn't tell him that he was the father of the squaw the serpent lived with. He stayed there and talked till he got a good chance to shoot the serpent. It was getting late and dark and the serpent had a big place under the ground to sleep in. He said to the Indian, "I must go now to my place where I sleep," and just as he went in the Indian took a shot at him and killed him. The Indian went back to where they camped and told his daughter that her husband was killed by two Mohawks. She believed him and she never went back to that place any more. The old Indian and the old squaw watched to get a chance to kill the little serpent that their daughter had, and one day the old Indian killed the little serpent, but the young squaw thought that it fell off a tree. She didn't know that it was her father that killed it. And the young squaw lived with her parents all the time. This ends the story.

No. 490. (SERPENT STORY No. 15)

THE SERPENT AND THE SQUAW

Told by Joe Cosh

This story was told to me by a very aged man. He was near a hundred years old. He said to me: "I will tell you a wonderful story of what happened to my own relative when he got married to a nice little squaw. She was very dark, and they lived in a camp. The Indian would go hunting every day. It was getting on to two years and they got a young daughter and two years after a son. The little ones grew very fast. In five years they were quite big then, and the Indian would go hunting every day. One night the older one said to the father, 'Don't leave us again to-morrow.' 'Why, mother is here with you.' 'No, mother starts off as soon as you leave and she puts silk clothes on. We don't know where she gets them, and she comes home before you come back and takes her clothes off and hides them outside.' The Indian says to his little ones, 'To-morrow I will just go for a few hours and I will come home and see what mother is doing.' The Indian didn't say a word to his wife and the

next day he started off again like he always did, and he came back home. His little ones were alone, and he watched for his wife, and she came in the camp about dark and it surprised her to see him home, and the Indian didn't say one word to her, he just packed up and took the little ones. The squaw cried and the Indian says, 'Don't cry for us.' The squaw quit crying at once and she picked up a knife and tried to cut off an ear each of the little ones to keep her from being lonesome for them, but the Indian didn't let her do so, and she begged her husband to live with her again and promised to be good to him, but the Indian asked her, 'Tell me who you have been with,' and she said, 'It's not a man I've been with. It's a serpent. It lives in that lake, but it won't leave me alone unless you go and shoot it. You put my clothes on and go to that lake' The next day he went and sat there and put his gun on the ground. The serpent soon came up and thought it was the squaw. The Indian shot it." This ends the story. The family lived happy then.

Note by G. E. L.—Nos. 490-494 were collected by Lottie Marsden from Joe Cosh, a northern Ojibwa.

No. 491

WITCH STORY. (No. 72)

Told by Joe Cosh

The story what a young man told: "I went fishing one evening. It was just about sundown. I saw some one coming towards me. Here it was a witch, I could see the fire coming out of her mouth. I spoke, but I didn't get an answer. It was a squaw sitting in the middle of a birch bark canoe. I paddled as fast as I could to the shore. I heard someone crying. I know some friends of mine that didn't live over one hundred yards from the shore and I went in the house. There was no one to be seen, so I went out. I tramped on some one and I fell. It was the body of an Indian. This was the Indian the witch killed and whom I heard crying. This was his squaw (or wife). When she heard me she went to another house and hid. I started for the next house and told them what I had seen and about the squaw in the birch bark canoe. They knew who she was then. It was the Indian that died's own mother-in-law. She went to him just that day and asked him for some tobacco, but he had none. The old witch just waited till evening and then went and struck (stuck) some sharp pointed needle right in the Indian's heart, or a pin that they found on the man's heart, and they put that in a bottle, close (cork) the bottle tight, and the old witch can't get it back. Of course, when a witch kills any one, after the body is buried the old witch always goes after what she used for killing the person." This ends the story.

No. 492

WINDIGO STORY. (No. 19)

Told by Joe Cosh

The story of the Windigo giant what happened a number of years ago, when the Indians were camping all the time. There was at one time a reserve of Indians camping alongside the river and one night the Windigo visits them. The Windigo was very hungry, he just picked the fattest one he saw and some days he'd eat up two little ones. It was nothing to him. The poor Indians can't say anything to him, he'd eat them anyway. Some days he'd get his

big knife and cut their hands and see if they are fat enough to eat, but the Indians knew what to do. They didn't eat for so many days, and when the Windigo saw that they were all getting very thin on that reserve, he started for the next reserve where he found them very fat and he eat some of them, but they didn't let him do what he liked on that reserve. They watched him till he went to sleep and four men got their guns ready and they shot him all at once, but after the four men shot him he even walked but he didn't go very far, just a little way and then he laid down, but no one went near him. He died through the night and his body was given to the dogs to eat, and the Indians were safe. This ends the story.

Note by G. E. L.—Reserve is used sometimes for a band or settlement, or a large camp, of Indians.

No. 493

THE INDIAN WHO KILLED THREE SQUAWS

Told by Joe Cosh

The story of an Indian who went to visit another reserve and a squaw tried to kill him. The squaw used a *catapult* and the stone struck him on his side and nearly killed him. He was very ill and he went home. As soon as he got better he made up his mind that he'd go to that reserve and the first one that he met there that he was going to kill. This was a squaw that he met first and he killed her and cut her head off. He met another squaw and he did the same. He went on his way and he met another old squaw and he killed her. He had a big knife what he used to cut the heads off. He swam the river so no one could catch him, but no one saw him do this, and he went back through the night to where the squaws' bodies lay and he took them to the main place of the reserve and made them stand up in a row against a fence and tied them with a rope. This made the reserve very sad and dull. The Indians didn't know that the bodies were from their own reserve until they knew them by their clothes. The Indians stripped all the clothes off the three squaws and hid them behind the fence. They never found out who did it. They took the bodies off the fence that they were tied to and put them in a big box. This ends the story.

Note by G. E. L.—This is the first time I have heard of a "*catapult*" being used by Indians. I think a "sling" must be meant.

No. 494

WITCH STORY. (No. 73)

Told by Joe Cosh

A number of years ago the Indians used to camp out a lot, and one day a little Indian boy went cutting wood not very far from where they camped, and he heard some one speaking to him. He looked around but he couldn't see anybody. He heard it again and he looked up to the trees. He saw an owl sitting up on the top of a tree and it spoke to him again. The owl said, "What are you doing?" "Well, I am cutting wood," said the little boy. "Who for?" said the owl. "For my mother." The owl said, "Just cut enough for two days, for she's got to die to-night," but the little boy didn't bother with her till he got to where they camped, then he told his mother what he had seen and what the owl said. His father was away hunting at that time, but he was to

be home that evening, so he got home and they soon told him the story, and they watched for the old owl, and about midnight they went out and watched for the owl. They soon saw a fire coming towards their camp. It stopped on a cedar tree near the camp and they shot at it, and they heard a cry. It was the witch. The mother was safe then and the next day they heard there was an old squaw just about dying, that she was shot hunting rabbits, but she was not hunting, she was trying to kill a squaw. This ends her. The old witch died.

No. 495

THE BLACK FOX

Told by Jos. Yellowhead

At the usual time in the early autumn when nearly all of the Indians would go far off to their hunting grounds, and as all the Indians had rather very peculiar ways of hunting and fishing, there lived a family of four, and the father of the family used to take great pride in the little ones, and used to teach them how he could approach the game he liked best. He taught them the proper time to look for food, but never to let anybody see them, just because he never did like anybody to know his secret ways of hunting. So when the boys grew up they both became great hunters, and all the other Indians felt very curious about them, so a number of times the Indians tried to watch them, but only met failure because the hunters were very cute about their ways of hunting. They usually went hunting at night, and this puzzled the Indians, so one day one of the Indians thought of a plan and told the other men to get together and told them that he knew how to watch the wise hunters. So every one was very eager to know the secrets of the hunters. One fine moonlight night an Indian thought that it was just the time to go and watch the sly hunters, so he went ahead and at a distance from the camp he transformed himself into a partridge and flew up to a branch on a tree which he had selected for the purpose of watching the much talked about hunters, and then he sat as still as any partridge, but as it got late in the night the atmosphere got very low and he got very cold until he couldn't stand it any longer, so he flew down and plunged into the snow to keep himself warm. This proved very satisfactory to him and in a very short space of time he fell fast asleep, and when the hunters came they had all the opportunity of the very best provisions they could get and they had no difficulty in killing the partridge instantly, because he couldn't hear anything while asleep and moreover while under the snow he couldn't hear a sound, and the hunters had an unnoisy way of getting about and thus made it impossible of hearing. Next day all the Indians were very eager to hear the news about the hunters, and they went to the camp, but to the astonishment of all they thought that he had succeeded in discovering the secrets of the hunters, and they waited till one of them thought he would go and hunt for the Indian who went to watch the hunters. He hunted for him till he came to the spot where the watcher must have jumped or climbed a tree, and by the signs on the snow he managed to make out what had happened, so he went back and told the others about it. Along came another Indian who began to think that he would make good of the sly and shrewd night hunters. So one evening he went into the forest and after selecting a big tree he climbed up, and there he sat and waited and waited, till he got very tired and somehow or another he fell asleep and in his profound slumber fell down from the tree to the ground. When the hunters came they saw something laying on the snow.

As there was no wind they had to get very close to the object in order to make out what it was. The youngest one being a little too curious, went to the silent object and gave it a rather hard scratch with his finger nails, and thus awoke the "snyper" who at the same moment made a desperate attempt at the two hunters and they, being so scared, they both fell down and with "all fours" leaped into the thickest part of the forest, and ever since they've gone about on "all fours," and after that they were known as "wa-goo-sh-shaug" (foxes). To cut a long story short we'll jump from here to where another Indian heard what was happening. He thought himself wise and, thinking he had a better idea of how he could discover the secrets of the hunters. So on a rather dark but calm night he went into the forest to watch them, so he transformed himself into a night hawk, and flew towards the path of the hunters. After selecting a big tree slanting over the path of the cunning hunters, then he again transformed himself into a big bear. He clung onto the tree till the wise "wa-goo-sh-shaug" (foxes) came, and they unfortunately came to a halt right under the tree where the bear was watching them. And then they began to talk about the Indians who were nearly discovering their secrets, and soon they began to talk about the adventures of the latest one spying on them. Then the big bear noiselessly got in a rather difficult position to spring upon these two hunters who had been changed into foxes, they having no suspicion whatever of what was going on overhead, kept on their conversation, and the bear seeing his chance to land square on top of them, jumped down with all the force that was in him, but somehow or other he let one of his hind legs miss the trunk of the tree and that gave the other leg the rest of his strength. The result of this was that he flopped down full length right in between the two conversants, and they were so scared that both of them turned black, nearly the same as the bear, but fortunately managed to run away from the half conscious bear "snyper," but they were so badly cut up by fear (scared) that ever since one very seldom sees the black fox. The end.

No. 496

THE ORIOLE

Told by Joe Yellowhead

Once upon a time there lived an Indian in a forest, long ago before there was any sign of a white man around this part of the earth, therefore there was nobody to cut sawlogs or cordwood. The Indians having no such a thing as cross-cut saws or axes such as we have nowadays. But all the same they had axes made out of some sort of a stone, very likely "flints," and they weren't made with eyes for the handle to fit in, but were tied to the handle with strings made out of deer skins and the like. These proved very satisfactory at that time. The knives they used for skinning the animals were made out of flint, or bone, such as the ribs of the moose and other big animals. Just now we won't bother with going through the list of Indian skinning tools, etc.; we'll go back to the title of this story. When an Indian was all alone in a huge forest, where there were no white men, one fine spring morning the Indian saw something happen to a bird near his wigwam, and this is what he saw: Early in the morning when he got up he heard somebody crying very sadly. He wondered who it was, so he went outside to see. He looked and hunted until he saw a little bird up in a tree weeping most sadly, so he decided to watch what might take place. So he sat down, and as the sun just scarcely peeped

over the hills beyond towards the east, the little bird, looking toward the sun, spoke and said, as the Indian watched closely, "What can I do to have such a beautiful dress as you have?" The sun looking up smilingly said, "Cheer up, little fellow, you will have you wish if you will cheer up and sing as I come up every morning (the oriole hadn't such beautiful feathers as we see on him now) and you will have such a beautiful dress of golden shade." At this the little fellow stopped crying. As he looked at his dull-looking feathers to his astonishment saw the most remarkable change taking place in his old shabby looking dress. After watching the change he forgot all about the sun. Then the sun added smilingly, "Now, if you forget what I have said I will take your dress away from you." Then the little man began to sing. "Now, let me tell you, my little man," interrupted the sun, "you must build your house away up in a tree where nobody can harm your little family, and to-morrow morning I will tell you how to build your house, because just now I have to go on with my work." The Indian was perplexed after witnessing what he saw, and he made up his mind to watch what might happen next day, but next day the sun told him that he must not tell anybody what he might see, and that is why we don't know how the oriole makes the tobacco-pouch-like nest that we see hanging up in the tree tops. Only the oriole knows how to build it. This is what happened to the oriole and how he got his beautiful feathers. The end.

No. 497

SERPENT STORY (No. 16)

Told by George Brant

The serpent story what happened some years ago. There were two Indians travelling and it began to get dark and they had no place to sleep. They saw a big tree and they said, "Let's go and sleep under this tree, and break off some cedar and make a bed, and they did. One of them went to sleep right away but the other one heard someone in this big tree and he watched it and right near where they were was a hole which they thought was a groundhog's den and right near the tree. The tree was hollow and there was a big serpent came out of there. They watched it and after a while it looked like a man, and they saw a woman with this man, and the two Indians were frightened and they ran away. They could hear these two talking to each other but they couldn't make out what they were saying. The two Indians went a long ways that night to look for a resting place. They didn't see no sign of these two any more.

Note by G. E. L.—Nos. 497-499 were collected by Mrs. Lottie Marsden from George Brant, a Northern Ojibwa.

No. 499

THE TWO SQUAWS

Serpent Story No. 17

Told by George Brant

The story of two squaws. They were picking berries and they started off for a week's trip. They went out paddling a birch bark canoe that they had. They were both quite young. They had no place to sleep except under the canoe. They got to the place where they wanted to stay for the night. There was an old camp there right near the shore. They got their supper and went

to lay down to sleep on the ground. They heard someone come in. There was no light in the camp. This was a serpent and the two squaws kept as quiet as they could. The serpent crawled on the top of the two squaws, but they never moved. If they did the serpent would have killed them sure, but the serpent smelled something the squaws had and it soon made its way out. It was wild onions the two squaws had, but they had no sleep that night. They looked at each other, their heads were as white as snow. The breath of the serpent made them that way. The end of the story.

No. 500

WINDIGO STORY (No. 20)

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Long, long ago there were Indians hunting away off in the woods with their families, and every time the children would play out some place, some one would come and chase them home. This man was big and fierce but he wouldn't come near the camps of the Indians when the men were home. One time the children were out playing and one of the boys went too far into the woods and this giant caught him and fed him well till he could hardly swallow any more. He did this to make the boy fat, and when he thought the boy was getting fat he would take his knife and cut the boy's arm a little to see if he was fat. And every time he would do this the boy was not fat enough to be eaten, so he would feed him again and cut him again, but he wasn't fat enough. This giant was moving to some other place, he came to the place where these Indians lived. They asked him "Why the boy looked like that?" and he said, "I am waiting for him to get fat." They asked him "what was his name?" and he said, "Cut him." When night came the Indians asked the giant if they would take care of the boy for he would get cold sleeping out with him (the giant). He said, "Allright." When the giant was sleeping the men told the women to hurry and run away from the place with their children for they were going to kill the giant. So the women went away and the men started to pile wood around where the giant was sleeping and when they did this they lighted the wood all around and they made a noise to waken the giant. When he woke they threw sticks at him and the giant was killed and he melted away because the frost was helping him. The frost was his manitou. They got their boy back and the women came back and had no more fear of giants, and that's why there are no giants now. This giant was a Windigo.

Woman—Qua; plural, Qua-wog.

Children—Pee-no-gee-singular, Pee-no-gee-wog.

Boy—Kwee-we-sauce.

No. 501

WHY INDIANS HAVE A POOR EDUCATION

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Once upon a time there lived an Indian all alone in the woods. One day a white man came to him. They talked to each other but could not understand each other. Finally the white man got the Indian to understand and taught him how to talk English. First he told the Indian what "yes" was, and made him say "yes" all day, and the Indian walked up and down on a little

path saying "yes" all the time till he knew it well. Next day he learnt how to say "penny," so he said "penny" all day till he knew it well. The next day the white man taught him to say "good time" and he learnt it. In the afternoon the Indian said to himself, "What's the use of wasting time learning these words. Next time that white man tries to teach me anything, I'll kill him." The next morning the white man told him what "yes" was. "If any one asks you if you did that you say 'yes,' and if he asks you 'why you did it'? tell him you did it for a 'penny'," then the Indian struck him with his club and killed him. When he killed this white man some more white men came and locked him up and asked him "if he killed this man," and he said "yes," "Why did you kill him?" said another. "Penny," said the Indian. And the white men thought that these two were fighting for money and the white man got killed. "We'll hang you to-morrow," said another. "Good time," said the Indian, but he got away, and that's why the Indians have got a poor education.

White man—Shognosh.

Indian—Nish-shin-nah-bah.

Penny—Shown-yah (or shuniah).

Club—Pee-git-lay-gun.

No. 502

WHY WE HAVE CARS, BOATS AND AEROPLANES

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Once upon a time there lived three boys (brothers), two of them were big fellows, and the other was a little small one. The two big fellows went away one day to look for work. They started out and when they were halfways they came to a house where they saw a poor old lady and she said, "Give me half your lunch and I will help you in many things," but they wouldn't listen to her, they went on their way. So they came to the King's palace and were hired to cut all the trees in the forest the next morning. So they went to bed and got up early. They took the finest saws and axes that they could find and then started to work. They tried to saw but the saw would bind. Then they tried to cut the trees down with axes, but every time they struck a tree it grew bigger and they couldn't do anything to it. So the king got angry and locked them up in a cell. The same day these two were locked up the other fellow started out and when he was half way he saw an old lady and she said "give me half your lunch and I will help you in many things." So he gave her half of his lunch and she said, "When you work for the king take the worst looking saw and axe and think of me when you start to work." So he went on his way and he came to the palace and he was hired. So he started to work early in the morning. He took the worst saw and axe he could find. As soon as he touched a tree with his saw it flew out of his hand and the old saw was going fast as it cut the tree down. Then when all the trees were down he took his axe to trim the trees. The axe flew out of his hand and started to trim the trees. When this was over he started to pick up the twigs and branches but they flew out of his hands and the rest started to pile themselves up in heaps. He went back to the king and told him that he had finished the job. The king paid him and then said, "Now make me a ship out of the timber you cut and this fellow said "All right, but wait for a night so that I may know how to make it. Then he heard a voice say, "Just start and I will help you." So he started and when he was nailing the timber he saw the timber flying into place and he

heard a lot of hammers driving in the nails. Before morning he had the boat finished. The king said, "now make me something that will run on land."

And the next night the fellow made something what we would call a "car," and the next morning he taught the king how to drive it. The king was very pleasant and said, "I will give you my daughter if you will make me something that will fly, and if you don't I will kill you." Then the next night this fellow made this flying thing—the aeroplane, and he made up his mind that he would beat (get the best of) this old king and get rid of him somehow. So he planned what he would do, and in the morning the king came out to see it, and he got on and the fellow told him to pull a lever to start, and a lever for going up, so the king pulled a lever and flew up, but he forgot to ask what to do when he wanted to come down. So this fellow got rid of the king and married the princess. Then she thought about the two elder brothers that were locked up. She fed them and gave them clothes and they went home and told their parents that they made a lot of money and they were praised, but the young man was not praised for he did not change his clothes. The princess was coming behind to give this man a chance to change into his new clothes. He never said a word but went up stairs and changed his clothes, then he came down when the princess was coming in and told his parents that he was the man that saved his brothers from the cell and the old people didn't know it was their son that was speaking. He was so well dressed, for he was the king then, and that's why we have cars, boats and aeroplanes.

No. 503

THE ELM TREE

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Long ago when the Ojibways and Mohawks were quarrelling, the Mohawks were (pursuiting in the original story) *chasing* the Ojibwa and one family was behind, they had a papoose with them. The Mohawks were catching up to them so the woman ran to an elm tree and laid her baby down and asked the tree to mind it while she was running away, and she said that she'd help the tree if the tree minded her baby. So she had to leave her baby behind and run on with her man to hide some place. They went back after three days time. When they got back they saw their baby was playing with the tree. The tree would bend down and let the baby play with its leaves. When they got near they were going to feed their baby, but the baby wouldn't eat, the tree had given it something to eat. So the woman praised the tree and told it that from that day on the elm tree would be tall and look over many trees. So that is why the elm tree is tall and has its branches bending down to show that it really minded the baby.

Elm tree is Meeba in Ojibwa. Baby is Pee-no-gee. plural, pee-no-gee-wug.

No. 504

SOULS

Told by Kenneth G. Snake

Long, long ago there lived a band of Ojibwas and among them was a young married couple who loved each other very much. The woman took sick and died, and the man got very lonesome and he thought that he would go with her wherever she went. So the night she was buried he went and laid down near

the grave and watched for her to come out. And as soon as it got dark he heard her getting up out of the grave, she stuck her head out of the ground and went back in again. Then he came home and was glad that he had seen her. The next night he went again and did the same thing, but this time she came out up to her waist and went in again. Then he came home. The third night he got ready to run after her because she had to get out and go to where the souls go, so he laid down and as soon as it was dark he heard her getting up and she came and he ran after her, but he couldn't get close to her. If he ran fast she would run faster, and if he ran slow she would run slow. All night long they ran and as soon as there was a little light he couldn't see her, but she cried, "Stay here all day, I will not go any farther until it is dark again." Next night he saw her again and he started to run again, and the third night they got to the place where her soul was, then he lost her. He saw a little house close to the woods and he went to it, he was hungry. When he neared the door he heard someone saying, "Come in; you must be hungry." So he went in and sat down. This old man put a small plate on the table, it was about as big as a "copper" (a coin a little larger than a bronze cent) and he put some corn on it. This young man thought "I'll never have enough to eat here," but the other man knew what he was thinking and he said, "Eat. You will never finish your plateful. It will always be full." So he tried to eat all the corn, but he couldn't eat it all, so when he had enough they had a smoke and this old man asked him what he was looking for, and the young man said, "I am looking for my wife, I lost her," (she died), and the old man said, "Stay here till night and I will find her for you. They always have a dance here when anyone comes home. I will put you in a small box and I'll put you under my arm, and when they come after me to go and play (the drum) for them, I will grab your wife and put her in a small box"—he meant to put the wife's soul in the box, because the soul couldn't be very big. So when it was dark they heard the souls coming, and the old man put the young man's soul in the box, and when they came near the house the souls smelt an Indian around and ran away, but they came back again, and the old man said, "Come in or else stay out. I don't want anyone to say that I smell like an Indian. Come in," he said, "or I won't play for the dance to-night." So they said "All right. Come on, we don't say you smell like an Indian." So he went and took the young man's soul (in the box) and his drum to play for the dance. When they started to dance the souls wouldn't go near the player, so he quit and said, "That's not the way to dance, you must touch me when you are dancing." Then he started again and they touched him. When the newcomer (the young man's wife) was dancing near the player he grabbed her, and the rest ran away, saying, "we told you we smelt an Indian around, that player is helping him to take our woman (the newcomer) away." So he took the man's soul and the woman's soul home and he opened the box and let the man's soul out. He covered the woman's soul with quilts and steamed it because the soul must be cold, and when it was warm he put it into a little box and gave it to the young man and said, "Now don't you open the box, even if your wife's soul cries or asks for water. She may say 'you don't love me.' Don't open the box, and when you see any animals whistle at them. So the young man left the next morning and went straight to where he came from. He whistled at the animals and they ran after him and passed him. They were going straight to where he was going. When night came on he made a fire and put the box on the other side of the fire, and the woman's soul said, "give me a drink;" but he said, "No, wait until we get home." When night came on he just got to where they started from (in the first place). He made a

fire and when it was daybreak he saw her sitting on the other side of the fire. So he got his wife back, and that's why the animals were plentiful then and this was the first man who went to where the souls went and came back before dying.

Notes by G. E. L.—“The corn on the copper” is another version of the never empty pot.

“The soul in the box” is an occasional incident in Ojibwa lore.

No. 505

WITCH STORY (No. 74)

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll

Once upon a time there lived an old lady who was very fond of drinking whiskey. So one time three fellows made a plan to go with this old lady to a hotel to where they get the whiskey. Not very long ago they used to sell it in every hotel and boarding house before they stopped the whiskey. So the three fellows got a horse and buggy and took the old lady and on their way back they drank and drank and the old lady got so drunk that she didn't know anything, and so they got near their village. They took the old lady out of the buggy and they made a lot of foolings about her, and one of them was a worse fellow after he made a fool of her. He put her on the roadside with her dress up to her shoulders, and after awhile she woke up it was daylight. She knew who did the worse and the next time that fellow was drinking he got choked, something got into his throat and they asked the old lady witch why she is doing this? She told her story, and the Indians told her, “will you forgive the man? If you don't, we'll kill you right now,” and she said “I will,” and the fellow was spitting; the woman who nursed him heard something in his spit. It was the top of the whiskey bottle, and the old woman gave a warning to the fellow “not to do that again to her, unless if he wanted to be killed.” The end.

No. 506

THE TWO MEN CAUGHT A WITCH

Witch Story No. 75

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll

A long time ago there lived a young man who was very sick, and two men made a plan to catch that witch who made the man to be very sick. So one night the two men got near the sick man's house on a corner of a road. Each one of them gets on each side of the road, so as to catch the witch, who will soon be on her way to the sick man's house. So they swallowed each a pill not to be nervous. So after they took the pills the witch came, and they both got ready. The witch got on the corner and they both grabbed her. It was a bear and the bear spoke to them. “Oh! please let me go, for this is the last trip I am making and I want to kill that man.” It was the sound of a young woman and the two men held her tight. They took her to a house and lit the lamp to see who it was. It was a beautiful young girl. They asked her “why she is doing this?” “Well,” she said, “that man promised me to marry me, and he got married to another woman.” The two men told her “well, we won't let you go unless you forgive that man and if you won't we will kill you, and give us all your things.” The young woman said, “I will do that, and I'll learn you how to be a witch, only do not kill me.” So the girl leadeth the men to where she kept her things. When they got near the place they saw a little hill.

The girl opened a door in the hill but they saw no house. They all walked in, the men saw bags of rags, bones, old skins and old snake skins. She divided half and half with the men so they let her go, and the sick man got well, and it is said that the two men are now two regular witches. The end of the story.

No. 507

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN

Told by Mrs. Sampson Ingersoll

Once upon a time there lived a young man and his parents. That young man wouldn't often miss a night without staying at home. He didn't obey his parent's telling him to stay at home sometimes. They told him "you will soon meet somebody, for coming home so late at night" for sometimes he came home at twelve or one o'clock. So one time as he was walking home on a little path in a pasture he felt as if somebody was lying in front of where he is going. It was so dark that he couldn't see wherever he is going, but he knew his path anyway. So he felt it, well, it's a man anyway the way he felt it, but he has no head, it's been cut off. He got so nervous, he didn't know what to do. It was only a cow and he was feeling the cows legs. The end.

No. 508

THE INDIANS

Told by Dean York

Once upon a time two Indians went out to hunt. One was the cook and the other does the hunting. In the first place they hid their animals (dogs) and food and the second place they didn't get anything much (in their hunting). So one day the cook was so hungry he told his mate that he received a letter from his wife, and that she was very sick. The other fellow said, "you may go." So the cook went to where they hid their food, he was only fooling the other one. He ate half of the food and he went back again and his mate said, "what's her name?" The cook said, "Half gone." So one day again he told his mate the same thing and as he went back, his mate asked "What's her name now?" and the cook said "All gone!" That ends the story

No. 510

THE BOY AND THE DEVIL

Told by Dean York

Once upon a time a little boy met the Devil. The devil said, "Blow the lamp out with the air that's in your stomach? If you don't, I'll take you away." "Let's see if I could stick you, you chase the air that comes out of your stomach three times in the corner?" Then the devil was stuck and the boy was so happy. This ends the story.

No. 511

THE INDIAN AND THE DEVIL

Told by Dean York

Once upon a time an Indian said to the devil "will you come to my house?" The devil said "why!" "We'll have a fight there and see who will win." So after nine o'clock at night the devil went there. The Indian was ready. He took one big long pole in the house and a war club. The Indian takes the war club and the devil the long pole, and the Indian hit him every place. Of course the devil had no room for the big long pole that he had. The devil said, "Let's try it outside?" The Indian took the long one this time. They got ready. The Indian made a big crack at him on the head. This ends the story.

No. 512

THE OLD FOLKS

Told by Dean York

Once upon a time two old folks were very needy and poor and one time as they went to bed the old man dreamt of a nice gentleman. The gentleman said, "You are going to have a boy. You go in the barn and you'll see a halter. You take it. To-morrow morning you will hear some people talking, and as soon as you hear them you do as I tell you." The old man woke up and he heard them talking. He got the halter and told them "you leave that horse alone, its mine." "Where can you get that horse, you are poor?" As he went in the wife said, "I feel sick. I think I am going to have a baby." So she got a baby boy, and some (future) time the boy got big and rode on horseback. This ends the story.

No. 513

THE BOY, THE FOX AND THE REINDEER

Told by Dean York

There was once a boy who ran away from home. He looked for a job. He went to one of the very richest men. The man said, "What are you doing around here?" "I am looking for a job." "What kind?" "Oh, well, any kind, getting water or wood." "Alright, my boy. You go and feed the fox and the deer, we are going to town." "Alright, boss." As they were going to town the boy went to feed them. He gave the fox some hay and the deer some meat. The deer said, "I don't eat meat", so he changed them. Then they made a plan to run away, so the reindeer said "You jump on my back." So the boy did. They knew somebody was after them. They came to a river, the deer got the boy across. The fox got across too. Then they came to a spring, the water was very cold. The deer told the fox that they should give the boy something to help him along. Than the deer told the boy to put his last finger in this spring and on his head and it turned to gold and they told him what to do, so he went to one of the towns and got married. This ends the story.

BRANT'S RIFLE

This rifle was presented to the late Joseph Brant, the celebrated Indian Chief, by the Duke of Northumberland, in 1790; Mr. Bell, the administrator of the estate of Mr. C. K. Buchanan, of Brantford, was requested by the surviving heir, Mr. G. S. Patrick, Lindsay, Ontario, to present the said rifle to the Provincial Museum of Ontario.

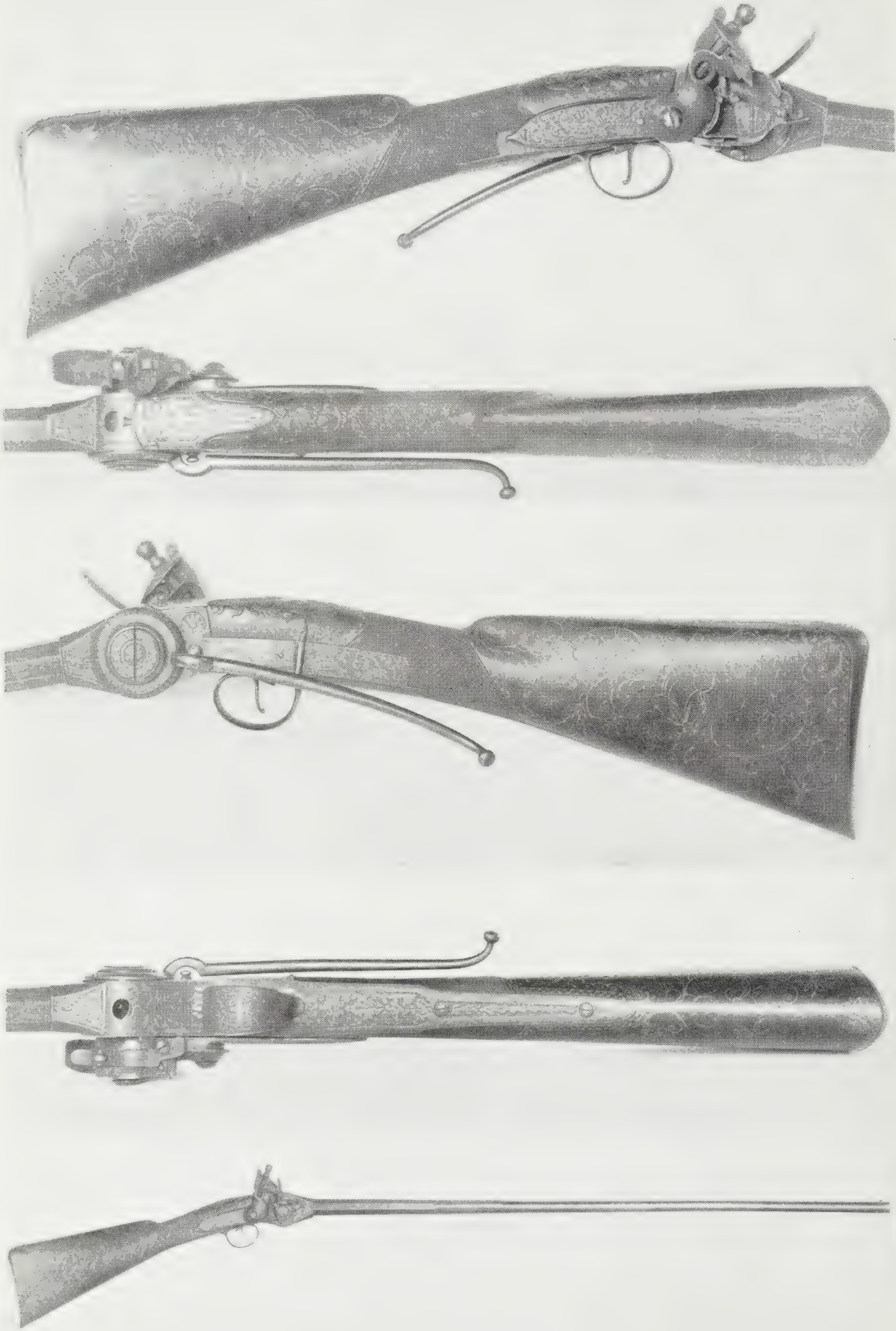
Mr. J. S. Wallace, of Brantford, who is much interested in getting for us the particulars of the rifle, says that the stock is made of rosewood, inlaid with silver. It is a flint lock made by "Paris," of Derby, Great Britain.

Weight of rifle, 8 pounds; length of rifle, $54\frac{1}{2}$ inches; length of barrel, 36 inches, divided as follows: $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the muzzle end, the barrel is plain, round, blued steel; the next $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, towards the breech, is somewhat heavier than the round, double portion, octagoned, or sixteen-sided, polished and engraved; the next $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches towards the breech is octagon, still heavier than the last mentioned, polished and engraved; a screw one-half inch long is cut on the barrel by which it is screwed into the stock. On the under side of the barrel are the proof marks—Crown V—Crown P,—and on the upper side the maker's name, "Paris" in Derby, Great Britain. The barrel, which is about as light as that of an ordinary shotgun, is heavily rifled.

The stock is made of rosewood, beautifully inlaid with fine silver scrollwork. The hand-grip is carved. The flint-lock, flash-plate, and flash-pan are on the right-hand side, as the rifle comes to the shoulder. On the left side of the stock is a steel lever, eight inches long, which is attached to a cylinder two and a half inches in diameter, which forms the breech block. There is a hole in the stock about half an inch in diameter, just above the cylinder. Behind the cylinder and under the lever is a little trapdoor, which opens on a hinge by means of a spring. Inside this door is the magazine, which contains sixteen round bullets, about half an inch in diameter.

To load the rifle: Press down the lever far enough to open the magazine. Fill the magazine with sixteen bullets, and close door. Continue to revolve cylinder by means of lever, until the first chamber of cylinder comes under the hole in the stock. Put in the powder from powder horn. This chamber is divided into two parts: First, holding the charge proper. Second, powder to the flash-pan. Continue to revolve cylinder by means of lever, until the second chamber comes under the hole in the stock. This chamber will have collected one of the bullets from the magazine. Continue to revolve the cylinder until the lever has performed a revolution of about three-quarters of a circle, when bullets will have been pressed in on the powder and held there by a spring, loading process completed, and the rifle brought to full cock. Return the lever to its original place and fire. No wadding is used.

In the early thirties a sale of Brant's property took place, when Mr. Buchanan, father of the late C. K. Buchanan, of Brantford, bought the rifle and sent it home to his brother in Scotland. On his death, it was returned to Canada, to Mr. C. K. Buchanan, who had it in his possession until his death, when the executors of the estate placed it in our care. The letter from the Duke of Northumberland, introducing Joseph Brant to Lord Simcoe, is as follows:—



The Duke of Northumberland to Captain Brant.

Northumberland House, Sept. 3rd, 1791.

My dear Joseph,—

“Colonel Simcoe, who is going out as Governor of Upper Canada, is kind enough to promise to deliver this to you, with a brace of pistols, which I desire you will keep for my sake. I must particularly recommend the colonel to you and the nation. He is a most intimate friend of mine, and is possessed of every good quality which can recommend him to your friendship. He is brave, humane, sensible, and honest. You may safely rely upon whatever he says, for he will not deceive you. He loves and honours the Indians, whose noble sentiments so perfectly correspond with his own. He wishes to live upon the best terms with them, and, as Governor, will have it in his power to be of much service to them. In short, he is worthy to be a Mohawk. Love him at first for my sake, and you will soon come to love him for his own.

“I was very glad to hear that you had received the rifle safely, which I sent you, and hope it has proved useful to you. I preserve with great care your picture, which is hung up in the Duchess’ own room.”

Your affectionate

Friend and Brother,

Northumberland,

Captain Joseph Brant,
“Thayendanegea.”

“Thorighwegeri.”

NEW ACCESSIONS TO MUSEUM



No. 42456

No. 42456. This specimen of pottery, presented to the Museum by Mr. C. H. Case, St. Catharines, Ontario, was found in an ash-bed near St. David's, which is situated between St. Catharines and Niagara Falls. It is perfect. The marking is well done and it is probably Iroquoian in manufacture.

Specimen No. 42075 was procured from Mr. W. H. G. Colles, Chatham, Ontario. It was found in the county of Kent and is much the same in manufacture as the previous one. This specimen is slightly chipped at the top, otherwise it is perfect. It is likely of Attiwandaron manufacture. It is somewhat blurred, probably from age and weather.

"The materials used were usually mixtures of clay and rather coarse tempering ingredients, in typical localities mostly silicious. The Iroquois occasionally used pulverized shell, as did their neighbours, the Algonquins; but they seem to have preferred pulverized rock of crystalline varieties. Respecting the securing



No. 42075

and selecting of the ingredients, and the levigating, mixing, and manipulation of the paste, but little can be said. Evidences of the nature of the building processes are obscure, but there is no reason to suppose that other than the usual methods were employed. The walls were probably built up of bits and strips of clay welded together with the fingers and worked down and polished with scrapers, paddles, and rubbing stones. The surface of the convex body of the vessel was sometimes finished by malleating with a textile-covered paddle or by rouletting with a cord-wrapped tool. The rim was added, and was then squared or rounded on the margin and polished down in preparation for the use of the graver and the tubular or pointed punch. The paste for large vessels was often quite coarse, but for the smaller pieces, and for most pipes, pure clay of the finest quality was employed."¹

¹Bureau of American Ethnology.

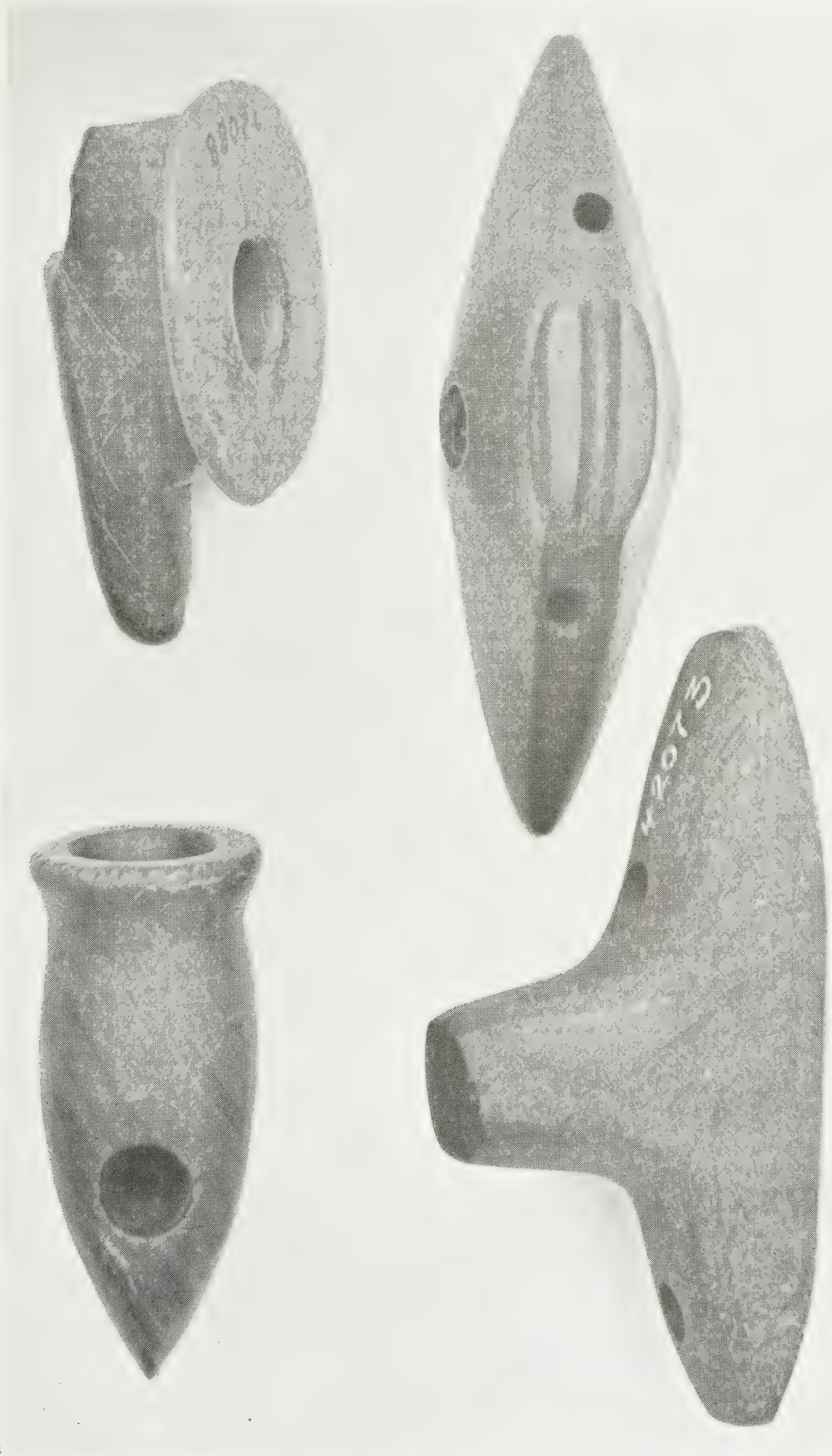
This year we opened a village site at Master Heights, convenient to the city of Toronto, from which we removed two or three bushels of pottery, Iroquoian in character. Some of it was very well marked, but all in pieces.



No. 41984

Figure No. 41984 is a beautiful specimen of a gouge, secured from Mr. Colles, of Chatham. It is unbroken and well polished and composed of granite. It was probably used in gouging out their canoes after being burned.

On this page are represented four artifacts. No. 42088 is a beautifully shaped clay pipe, well moulded, and has the appearance of being polished, or glazed. It has several marks on it, probably made for identification or for other



No. 42088
No. 42797

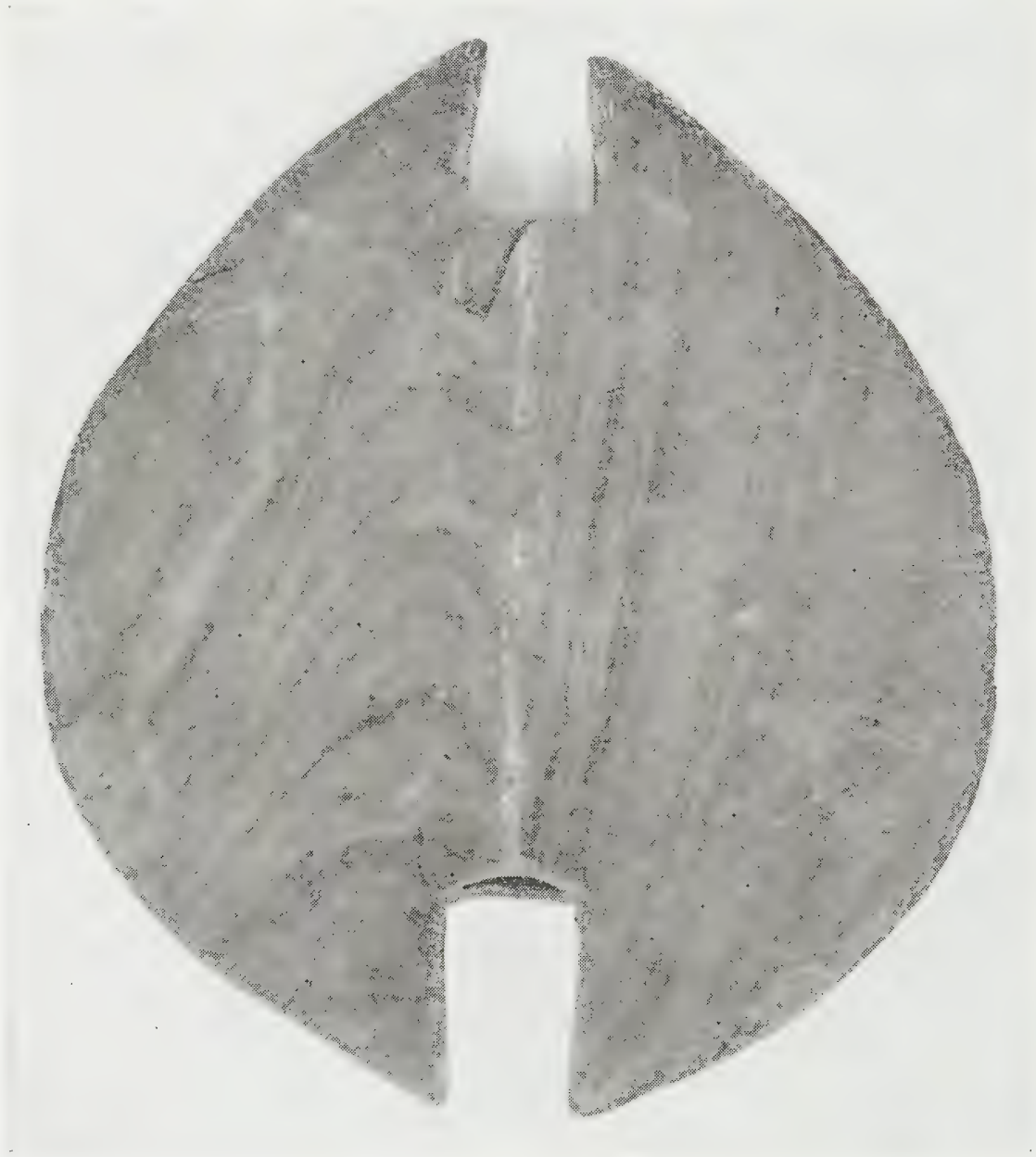
No. 42058
No. 42073

purposes. It was procured from Mr. Colles, of Chatham, Ontario, and came from the county of Kent, as did the other artifacts on this page.

The stone pipe, No. 42797, is beautifully made. The outlines are perfect. Around the elevated ridge on the top of the pipe are sundry marks, probably used for identification.

No. 42058 is a ceremonial stone of unusual workmanship. It is classed as a boat-shaped stone. The upper part, as shown in the photo-engravure, is represented by a groove, and at each end there is a perforation. On one side there is a large drilled hole. For what purpose it was used is uncertain, as none of the holes in it were placed as if it had been used at any time. The probabilities are it was for ceremonial purposes and carried in their medicine bags.

No. 42073 is a peculiarly shaped stone of unknown utility. It is elevated on the upper part and perforated at either end. The perforation on the lower

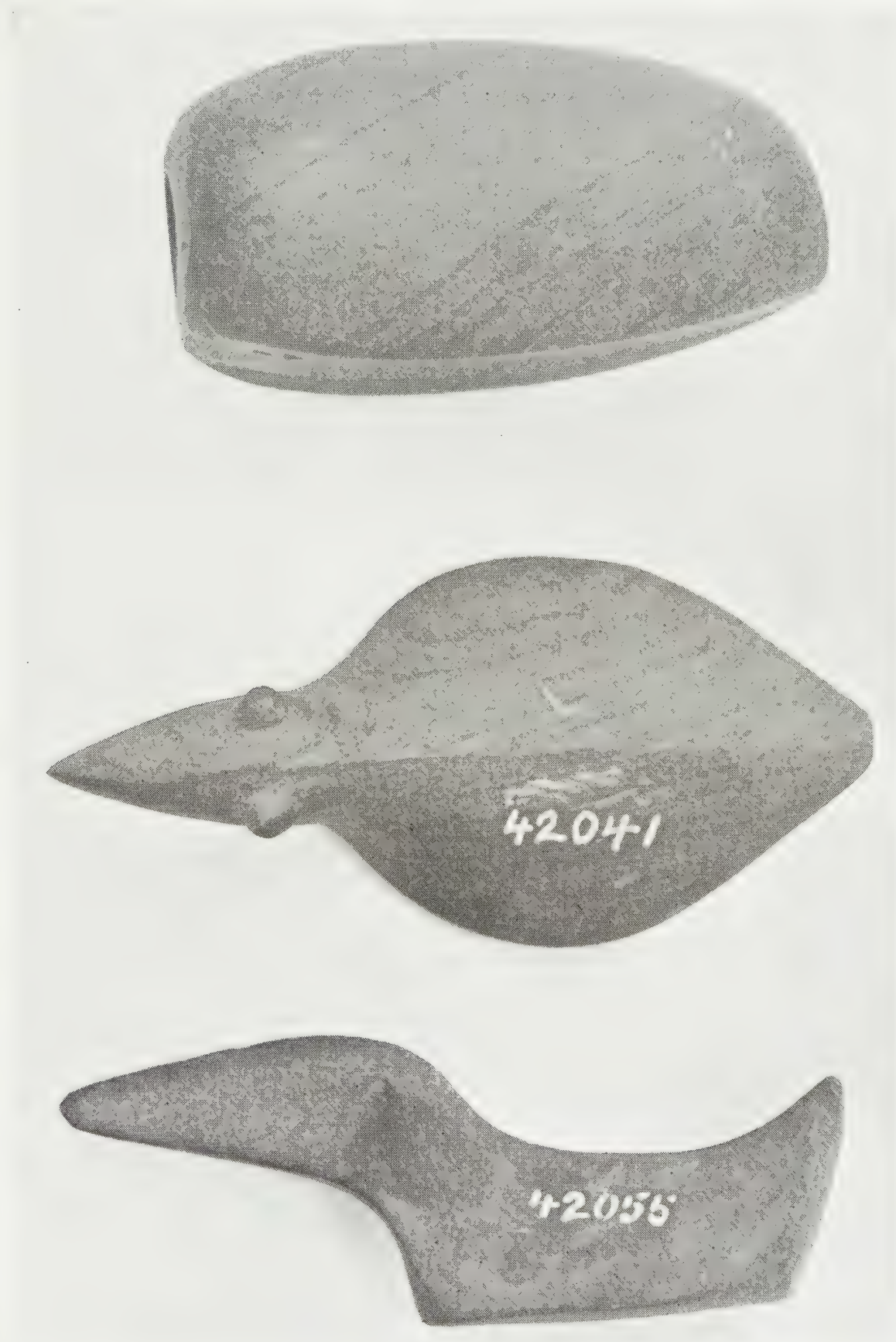


No. 42062

end, as shown in the photo-engravure, is smaller than on the upper. The lower part is perfectly smooth and slightly convex. It is made of Huronian slate and beautifully polished.

Figure No. 42062 is a ceremonial artifact, very gracefully formed, and is usually spoken of by archaeologists as a butterfly banner stone. Why it should be so called is a mystery to the writer, as there is nothing to show that it was either carried on a pole or used at the head of a procession. This specimen is made of striated slate, nicely polished, and an elevated ridge strengthens it where the hole passes through the centre. The hole is a good size, somewhat larger than an ordinary lead pencil. It has the appearance of having been perforated by a

wooden drill, as there are no marks that would indicate a flint artifact. This piece was found in the county of Kent and procured from the Rev. W. H. G. Colles, of Chatham. It has the appearance of age; in fact, the use of stones of this kind was unknown to the Indians at the time of their contact with the Whites, and they are supposed to have been manufactured by the earlier races



Nos. 42799, 42041, 42055

of the Mound Builder section of the United States. A number of the artifacts that came from the county of Kent are pre-Attiwandaron, and were probably procured during the migrations from further south. Their use is a mystery, but they may have been used for religious or medicinal purposes.

Nos. 42799, 42041, 42055

On page 89 are three stone artifacts of uncertain utility. No. 42799 is the ordinary tube found in various parts of the North American continent, sometimes manufactured from stone and frequently made of clay. This particular one was manufactured from banded slate. On one side there is a groove which extends from one end to the other and is slightly concave. The perforation, as usual, is smaller at the small end of the tube.



No. 42078

No. 42079

The other two artifacts on this page are bird amulets of the usual type and similar to many in the Museum. No. 42041 is plain. There is no perforation in the lower part of it, and the eyes are a small size. No. 42055 is perfect.

The perforations in the lower part are different from those in most bird amulets, as the holes are not directly opposite.

* * *



No. 43079
No. 43078
No. 43077

No. 43076

Figures Nos. 42078 and 42079 are two clay pipes found in the county of Kent, and procured from Mr. Colles, of Chatham, Ontario. They are both well made. No. 42079 is perfectly plain, with the exception of a slightly raised ridge



No. 42069



No. 42068



Nos. 42838, 42841

around the top part of the bowl of the pipe, which may have been large, and was covered with markings, which are very indistinct. It has all the appearance of great age and is somewhat worn.

The other pipe, No. 42079, is a very unique pipe of this kind. The perforations are well made, and, like most pipes, it is not worn, as it was the custom of the Indians not to smoke with the pipe between their teeth.

* * *

On page 91 we illustrate four portions of effigy clay pipes. The faces are all well made, and the markings on the bowl of the pipe are seen in each of them. There is evidence of considerable art in their make-up. The art of the American Indian is brought out very largely in their pipes, and necessitates the belief that they had arrived at a stage of considerable development in the various artistic forms which they shaped out of clay.

* * *

Figures Nos. 42069 and 42068 are very fine specimens of chert implements (procured from Mr. Colles) and were found in the county of Kent. No. 42068 has evidently been a large knife used for some agricultural purposes, or for cutting flesh. No. 42069 is a spearhead, well made, and well finished. They are both of the same material, and were probably made from the flint of Lake Erie. They are ten inches long, by three and a quarter inches wide. The knife is slightly chipped on one side, where it was broken and evidently repaired afterwards.

* * *

Figures Nos. 42838 and 42841 are drills procured from Mr. Colles and found in the County of Kent. The longer one is an exceedingly fine drill, well made, and the top of it well suited to fit on a shaft for drilling purposes. The smaller drill, which has evidently been chipped, shows the effect of use.

* * *

Figure No. 42803 is a stone artifact procured from Mr. Colles, of Chatham, Ontario. Its uses are unknown, and by whom manufactured is somewhat of a guess. It is rather rough in appearance, with a pecked ridge down the centre on both sides. The boring on the upper part is about a quarter of an inch, and it has no appearance of going any farther. It is an unique object in the Museum. Though found in the County of Kent, it may have been originally made by the Mound Builders, as it has the appearance of their material. It was evidently not manufactured by the Attiwandaron Indians, as a great many objects found in their district got their origin from the other side and were brought here in exchange. Moorehead illustrates an artifact similar to this on page 366 in "The Stone Age."



No. 42803



No. 41817

No. 42371

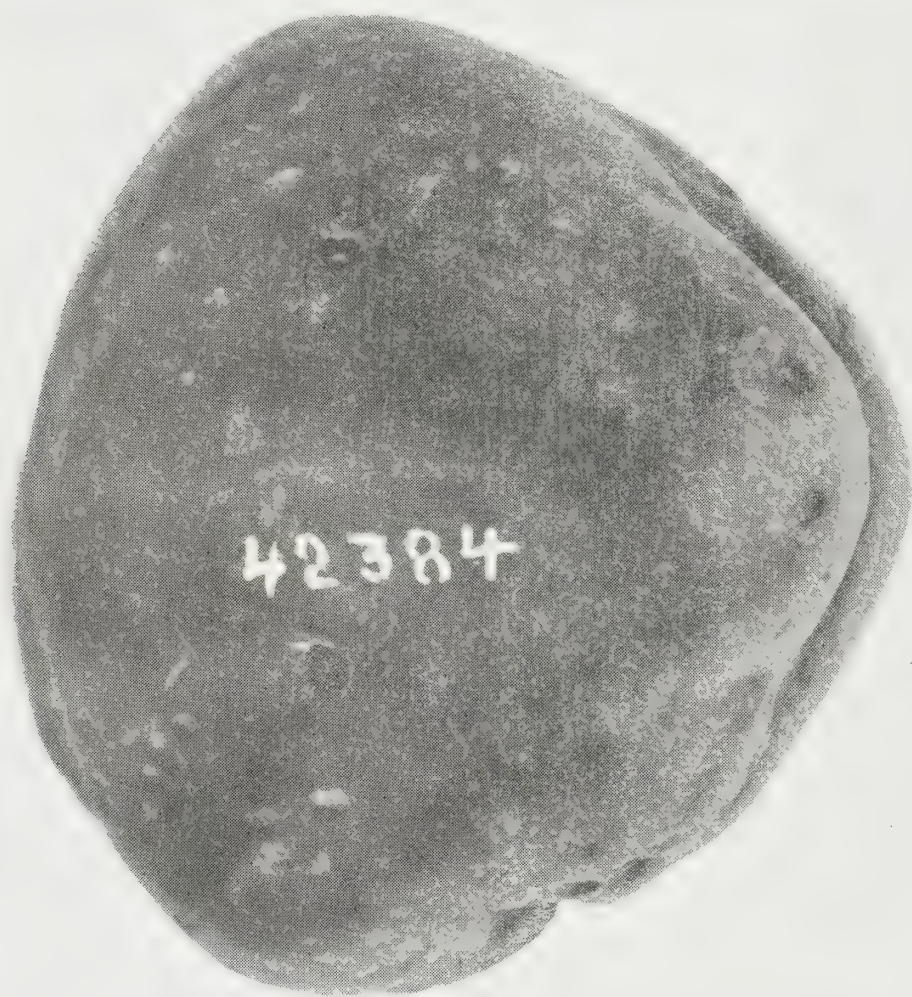
Figures Nos. 41817 and 42371 are gorgets that are not by any means common. They are made of cannel coal, beautifully polished, and nicely finished. The one procured for the Museum from Mr. Colles is well shaped, nicely perforated, and shows its age in its mottled appearance, anterior surface. The other, No. 42371, differs in shape, is exceedingly well polished, and was procured from A. F. Steels, of Hyde Park Corners, Ontario, and found on lot 30, con. 4, London Township. They are scarce, as we have only four more such productions from cannel coal in the Provincial Museum. The drilling of the holes in them correspond with that in the stone gorgets that are so numerous. These artifacts were probably brought from the coal districts further south, and might have been numerous, but for the fact that they are so very inflammable, and were easily destroyed and, consequently, are not likely to be found very often.



No. 42390

Figure No. 42390 is a serpent wound around a tree, found in Kent County and procured from H. A. Van Winckel, Toronto. The specimen is an unique one and the work thereon is exceedingly well done. It probably represented a garter snake. The shape of the head, and the finish of the head, is exceedingly artistic, and the probabilities are that it was used as a house ornament. In their bark houses they usually had a shelf around the top, on which articles of this kind were placed, either for religious or ceremonial purposes.

Serpent worship, we know, existed from time immemorial, both in the old world and the new. It was quite common amongst the Indian races. They



No. 42384

paid their respects to the serpent. In the State of Ohio there are serpent mounds that were used for religious purposes, and we have also one or two serpent mounds in the province of Ontario, which were probably used for the same purpose by the Indians.

* * *

Figure No. 42384 is a carved head of a snake. Its mouth and eyes are brought out very well, and the shape of its head is good. It is probably an imitation of a rattle snake's head, and was evidently used as a charm or some such article, to be carried in their medicine pouches, or used by the medicine man to charm his patients.

Figure No. 42389 represents an owl sitting. It also comes from Kent county. It is remarkably well finished. The wings are well formed at either side, and the feet, with claws on, are shown at the base. This bird was also manufactured by the pecking process, and is perfect, with the exception of a slight fracture on the nose. It is also an unique object in the Museum, and, from the place in which it was found, was probably manufactured by the Atti-wandaron Indians, as many good specimens come from that district.



No. 42389

* * *

Figure No. 42391 is evidently a pipe in the process of making. The pipe hole is well finished and the boring for the stem is only started. The bird form illustrates the wings and feet of the bird remarkably well, and its head shows up. The stem hole is between the feet at the base of the pipe. The tobacco bowl comes in from the tail of the bird. It is well done. The pecking on it is well seen and well marked. The head is good, with the exception of the beak, which is slightly broken off and shorter than it has been.

On page 101 is a series of pipes and portions of pipes, presented to the Museum by J. Allan Blair, of Duntroon, Ontario, and found in the supposed village site of Etharita. The three upper pipes in the photo-engravure are stone.

No. 43033 has been a beautiful, though exceedingly small, pipe. It has a face showing just above where the stem goes in. On the back of the place where that head is, there is also a small representation of a figure-head, and on the back of the pipe, facing the other way, are the remains of another face, constituting three faces on the one pipe. It is very small but exceedingly well made, and when it was perfect must have looked very well.

No. 43032. This is a small bowl-shaped pipe, with a carved face just above where the perforations for the carrying stream of the pipe are situated.



No. 42391

The perforation for the stem is large, and the bowl of the pipe is fairly commodious for its size. It is a very fine specimen of a small pipe, and is unique as far as the Museum is concerned.

No. 43015 is also an effigy pipe, with a face made to face the smoker. The bowl is quite small, as is also the perforation for the stem. It is a sandstone pipe, and evidently, when new, was fairly good.

The other five pipes in the photo-engravure, on the same page, show the head of a wolf, and a man's head, with the face exceedingly well brought out. It is fairly well carved, but is somewhat defaced. The other two pipe heads are well engraved and well finished, and all that remains is the broken part, where they are detached from the pipe.



No. 43033
No. 43040
No. 43038

No. 43032
No. 43037

No. 43015
No. 43036
No. 43039

In 43039 we have an eagle's head. It is exceedingly well made and its bill is well brought out. All these were found on lots 28 and 29, concession 9, Nottawasaga township. The Indians living there at the time must have been very clever and artistic in their manufacture of pipes.



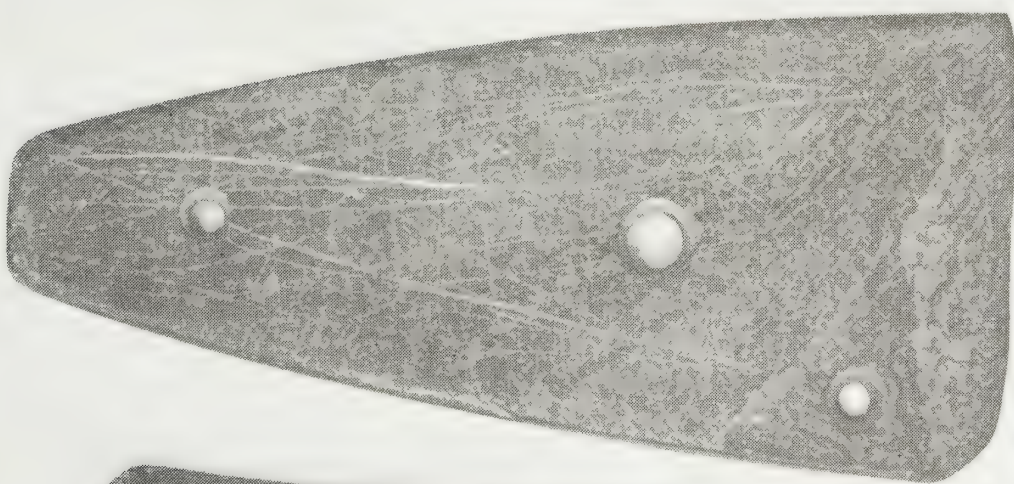
Nos. 43034, 40582, 39333, 39205, 40686

STONE PIPES

Of the many stone pipes in the Ontario Provincial Museum, there are some few exactly the same, and many of them unfinished. The unfinished stone pipes were mostly surface finds and show the method of manufacture.



No. 43035



Nos. 42463 and 42464

On page 102 we represent five stone pipes. The upper one, No. 43034, was the gift of J. Allan Blair, Duntroon, Ontario. It is a beautifully shaped sandstone pipe, well finished, and perfect in its outline.

The other four pipes came in the Chadd collection. The photo-engravure represents them as full size. They were found in the counties of Northumberland and Prince Edward Island. They are excellent specimens, all being perfect. The lower one is an unique pipe, small, but perfect in its outline.

* * *

Figure No. 43035 is an unfinished pipe presented to the Museum by J. Allan Blair, of Duntroon, Ontario, and found in that neighbourhood. The unfinished pipes in the Museum number some seventy-two, and show the method of manufacture very well. In this pipe there is no perforation started. The bowl of the pipe was carefully made. The pipes in the Provincial Museum show considerable artistic skill, entailing a length of time and labour in their manufacture.

* * *

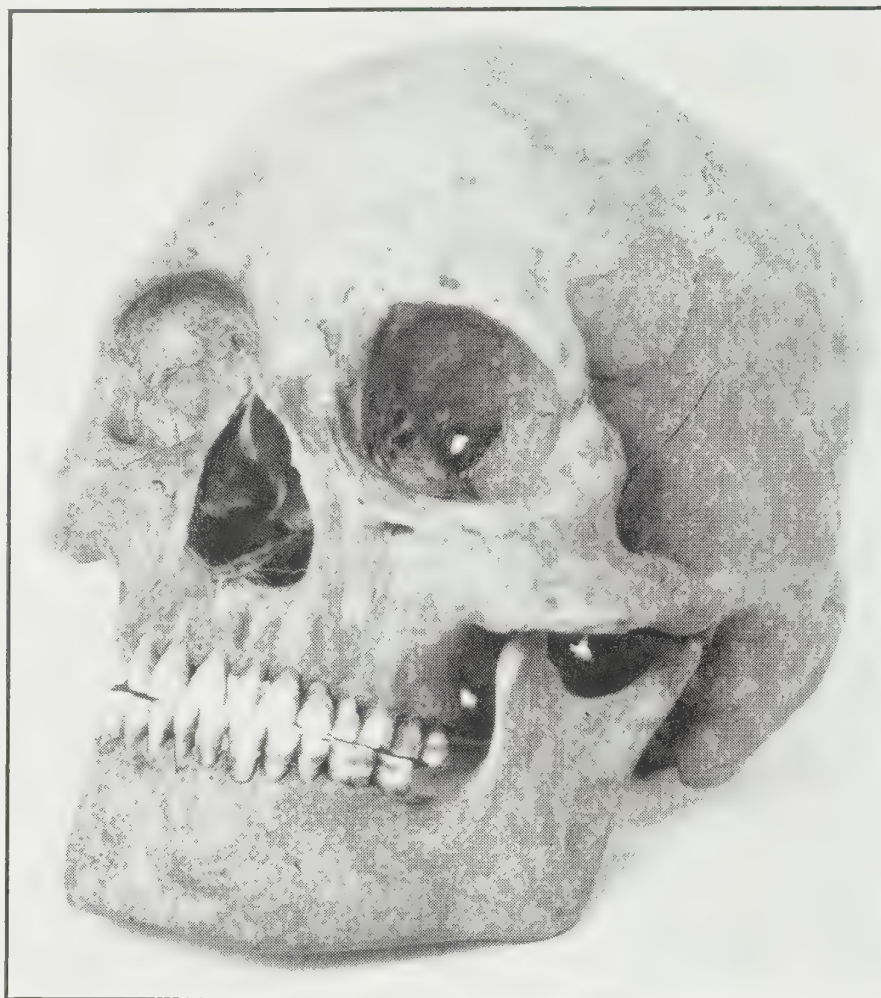
Figures Nos. 42463 and 42464 are gorgets presented to the Museum by the late Dr. Fraser, of Parkhill, Ontario. They were found in the neighbourhood of Parkhill, and are fairly good specimens of the kind. These gorgets are made of slate. The gorgets of Ontario are mostly made of slate, catlinite, sandstone, syenite, or mica schist. A large number of them have two perforations and many of them more. We have some seven hundred specimens in the Museum, of all shapes and many of them perforated in a number of places. The usual perforation is either one in the centre, or two, one in the upper and one in the lower portion. In these two specimens from Dr. Fraser we have two perforations in the usual places in the centre, and in one of them there are two perforations on the side, and one on the side of the other one. What they were used for is largely a matter of conjecture. The perforation in the upper one looks like the one perforation made in the centre of the upper part, and the other two perforations, which are similar, look as if they had been done at different times. The same with the lower specimen; the two perforations, that have been made first, are nearly central, and the other two are at the side, and have been bored at a different time, and with a different drill.

* * *

Figure No. 42460, presented to the Museum by the late Dr. G. A. Fraser, Parkhill, Ontario, and found in the County of Middlesex. It is a beautiful specimen of problematical form. It is made of sandstone and has been chipped on its outer edge and on its lower side. The hole on the upper part is small, only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in depth. It is uniformly made and has an elevated ridge on both sides—similar to many objects of this kind. To what use it was put I am not able to say, as the hole is extended only a short distance from the top. It is also an unique specimen, being the only one in the Museum of this size. We have a number of smaller ones.



No. 42460



The skull, which we illustrate, in connection with the skeleton, was unearthed at Islington, while grading the ground for the new High School. The location is on Montgomery Road, about two hundred yards south of Dundas Street, Islington, the property being part of Lot 8, Concession B, Etobicoke. The soil is light sand, and the skeleton was unarthed by teamsters, while using their scrapers in the grading process. The exact spot where the bones were uncovered was a little mound, or slightly elevated area, which was composed entirely of light sand.

SELECTIONS

THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA

WHERE DID THE AMERICAN INDIAN COME FROM?

"The answer to this question is still shrouded in mystery. Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, the anthropologist, gives his opinions in the Smithsonian Institute Report for 1923. He says that it has not been quite clearly shown that the American Indian came over from Asia. He says that the Indian's ancestors came in relatively modern times, by which he means a few thousand years at the most. He believes that the remains of man in northeastern Asia are not very old, perhaps going back as far as what is called the neolithic age, say, 12,000 years B. C. So there is no evidence that man was in northeastern Asia before the neolithic age, hence the people who came across to America could not have come before 12,000 B. C. Perhaps, says Hrdlicka, you can put the date of their coming at from 10,000 to 15,000 years ago.

Other scientists, considering paleontological and geological evidence, believe that man may have been in America before the glacial age, a geologic period preceding the neolithic age."

* * *

TRAVEL BY LAND AND WATER

"From a period long prior to the coming of the whites the Indian was familiar with places often hundreds of miles distant from one another. . . . Yet the North American Indian had poor facilities for getting about on land. The Arctic peoples, however, with their sleds and dogs, may be said to have been pioneers of fast travel. . . . The Algonquian tribes of northern Canada, together with the Athapascans in the Mackenzie river country, also used the dog and sled for transportation and travel. South of this region the tribes had everywhere to walk until the Spaniard introduced the horse. . . . In common use among the Plains tribes was the travois, a sort of sledge or litter, drawn by a single horse or dog. . . . Boats included various kinds of watercraft used throughout North America, wherever waters favoured. . . . The Eskimo have two forms—the man's boat and the woman's boat—made by stretching a covering of seal hide over a framework of whale ribs or of driftwood. . . . The man's boat is one of the most effective devices for water travel in the world. . . . Immediately in touch with the skin-boat countries all around the Arctic . . . existed the birch-bark canoe. . . . From the north boundary of the United States, at least from the streams emptying into the St. Lawrence southward along the Atlantic slope, dugout canoes, or pirogues, were the instruments of navigation. . . . On the west coast . . . excellent dugout canoes were made from giant cedar and other light wood, some of them nearly 100 feet long."

* * *

SHELTERS

The culture status of a people—the particular stage of their religious, "social, technical and esthetic development—goes far toward determining the

character of their buildings. . . . The snow house is particularly a product of the North where are constructed dwellings of snow and ice unique on the face of the earth. . . . The houses of the northwest coast derive their character largely from the vast forests of yellow cedar. . . . They mark the highest achievement of the native tribes in wood construction that has been observed. . . . The lot of the Pueblo tribes fell in the midst of a vast region of cliffs and plateaus, where the means of subsistence admitted of the growth of large communities and where the ready-quarried stone, with scarcity of wood, led inevitably to the building of houses of masonry. . . . The nearest approach to permanent house construction observed in eastern United States is found in the clay-covered wattle-work walls of the more southerly tribes. . . . In the south of the pacific slope timber and earth, rocks and caves, rushes, bark, grass and brush in turn played their part in the very primitive house-making achievements of the strangely diversified tribesmen. . . . In the highlands of the great Divide and in the vast inland basins of the north houses of bark, grass, reeds, the skins of animals and rough timbers covered with earth gave only necessary shelter from the winter blasts. . . . The forest-covered east, the palisaded fortress and the longhouse of the Iroquois mark the highest limits in the building arts. On the Gulf Coast simple pile dwellings set in the shallow waters were all that the conditions of existence in a mild climate required. . . . The dwellings of some of the tribes of the plains were generally portable skin tents or tipis. . . . The erection of houses was usually attended with great ceremony, particularly when the time for dedication came."

* * *

CULTIVATION OF THE SOIL

The Indians were generally found, from the border of the western plains to the Atlantic, dwelling in settled villages and cultivating the soil. . . . We are indebted to them for maize, without which the peopling of America would probably have been delayed for a century; also from them the whites learned the methods of planting, storing, and using it. . . . Beans, squashes, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, tobacco, gourds, and the sunflower were also cultivated to some extent, especially in what are now the southern states. . . . The native population of the section now embraced in New Mexico and Arizona not only cultivated the soil, but relied on agriculture to a large extent for subsistence. . . . These Indians had learned the art of irrigating their fields before the appearance of the white man on the continent. . . . The sunflower was cultivated to a limited extent both by the Indians of the Atlantic slope and those of the Pueblo region for its seeds, which were eaten after being parched and ground into meal between two stones. . . . Although it has been stated that the Indians did not use fertilizers, there is evidence that they did. . . . The implements they used in cultivating the ground are described as 'wooden howes' and 'spades made of hardwood.' . . . Hariot says, 'The women, with short pickers or parers (because they use them sitting) of a foot long, and about five inches in breadth, do only break the upper part of the ground to raise up the weeds, grass and old stubs or cornstalks with their roots.' It was a general custom to burn over the ground before planting in order to free it from weeds and rubbish. In the forest region patches were cleared by girdling the trees, thus causing them to die, and afterward burning them down."

FOOD

The areas occupied by the Indians may be classed as supplying predominantly animal food, vegetal food, and mixed diet. . . . Vegetal food stuffs are (1) preagricultural, or the gathering of self-sown fruits, nuts, seeds, and roots; and (2) agricultural, or (*a*) the raising of root crops, and (*b*) of cereal products, consisting of maize and wild rice. . . . Animal food was obtained from the game of the environment, and the settlement and movements of some tribes depended largely on the location or range of animals, such as the buffalo, capable of furnishing an adequate food supply; while the limit of habitat of water animals, as the salmon, tended to restrict the range of other tribes to the places where the supply could be gathered. . . . In general in the northern portion of the continent the diet was three-fourths animal food; in the south it was three-fourths vegetal; while with the tribes of the coast, mountains, lakes and plains it varied according to the food supply. . . . In inhospitable regions the natives subsisted on whatsoever they could find. . . . The most important food plant possessed by the Indians was maize. Next in order of importance came beans, peas, potatoes, squashes, pumpkins, melons and chile, which were grown in variety. . . . In general, buffalo, the deer family, and fish were the animals most used for food. Some woodland tribes depended on deer, while the coast and river tribes usually made special use of fish and other products of the water. . . . The range of game animals influenced the range of man in America quite as much as the distribution of food plants predetermined his natural diffusion. . . . The Indian, as a rule, preferred cooked food. The Eskimo, whose name signifies 'eaters of raw flesh,' ate uncooked meat only when absence of fuel prohibited cooking, or as a side dish. . . . Among the Pueblo Indians cooking is carried to a remarkable degree of proficiency, approaching in variety and methods the art among civilized peoples. . . . The methods of cooking among the meat-eating tribes were broiling, roasting, and boiling. The tribes whose diet was approximately vegetarian practised all the methods. . . . Vegetal food stuffs were preserved by drying, and among the less sedentary tribes were strung or tied in bundles for facility of transportation or storage. . . . Animal food, from its perishable character, was often dried or frozen, but at times was preserved by smoking.

* * *

TOOLS AND WEAPONS

"The Indians of North America were in the stone age and therefore every device with which the arts of life were carried on, whether implement, tool, or utensil, was in harmony with this grade of culture. . . . The simple mechanical powers, the wedge, the lever and the inclined plane were universally understood. . . . The wheel and axle were entirely unknown, save in their most primitive form, the spindle. Power was derived from the muscle of the worker. . . . The Indians made good use of fire in clearing ground for planting, in felling trees, excavating canoes, and making pitch and glue. For offense, striking weapons were of stone, bone or wood, in the shape of clubs or balls, and into the shapes of the clubs the tribes carved a marvellous amount of their mythology. . . . Cutting weapons, before the introduction of iron, were made of stone or copper; piercing weapons were of any hard substance that would take a point. . . . The most common defensive weapon was the shield, the making of which was attended with great ceremony."

CLOTHING

"The tribes of northern America belong in general to the wholly clothed peoples, the exceptions being those inhabiting the warmer regions of southern United States and the pacific coast, who were semi-clothed. Tanned skin of the deer family, dressed fur skins and pelts of birds sewed together, the hide of the buffalo, elk or moose skin, fabrics of bark, hair, fur, mountain-sheep, wool, feathers and cotton were materials used for clothing. . . . Climate, environment, elevation and oceanic currents determined the materials used for clothing as much as the demand for clothing. Sinew from the tendons of the larger animals was the usual sewing material, but fibres of plants . . . were also employed. . . . The older needlework is of exceptionally good character and shows great skill with the awl. . . . The costume presented tribal differences in cut, colour, and ornamentation. . . . Shortly after the advent of whites Indian costume was profoundly modified over a vast area of America by the copying of European dress and the use of traders' stuffs."

* * *

RELIGION

The religious concepts of the Indians may be described in two groups—those that concern the individual, and those that concern the social group, such as tribe and clan. The fundamental concept bearing on the religious life of the individual is the belief in the existence of magic power, which may influence the life of man, and which in turn may be influenced by human activity. In this sense magic power must be understood as the wonderful qualities which are believed to exist in objects, animals, men, spirits, or deities, and which are superior to the natural qualities of man. This idea of magic power is one of the fundamental concepts that occur among all Indian tribes. . . . These religious concepts deal largely with the relation of the individual to the magic power, and are specialized in accordance with their general mythological concepts, which determine largely the degree to which the powers are personified as animals, spirits, or deities. . . . Another group of concepts . . . refers to the relations of the individual to his internal states, so far as these are not controlled by the will, and are therefore considered as subject to external magic influences. Most important among these are dreams, sickness, and death. . . . All the Indian's actions are regulated by the desire to retain the good will of those friendly to him, and to control those that are hostile. The first means of retaining the good will of the friendly power is the strict observance of a great variety of proscriptions. An important group of these may be combined under the term 'taboo.' Food taboos are particularly common. . . . Not less numerous are the taboos of work. . . . The Indian is not satisfied to avoid the ill will of the powers, but he tries also to make them subservient to his own needs. . . . Perhaps the most characteristic method of gaining control over supernatural powers is that of the acquisition of one of them as a personal protector. . . . Indians believe that wonderful power may be attained by inheritance. . . . Other means of controlling the powers of nature are by prayer, which may be directed either to the protecting spirit of the individual or to other powers. . . . or by incantations, which in a way are related to prayers, but which act rather through the magic influence of the words. . . . The protection of the powers may be invoked through the use of charms. . . . and of offerings and sacrifices. On the whole, the latter are not so strongly developed

in North America as they are in other parts of the world. . . . There is also found among most Indian tribes the idea that the supernatural powers, if offended by transgressions of rules of conduct, may be propitiated by punishment. . . . The belief that certain individuals can acquire control over the powers has also led to the opinion that they may be used to harm enemies. The possession of such control is not always beneficial but may be used also for purposes of witchcraft. . . . Besides those manifestations of religious belief that relate to the individual, religion has become closely associated with the social structure of the tribes; so that the ritualistic side of religion can be understood only in connection with the social organization of the Indian tribes.

* * *

"The mythologies of the several stocks of the Red Race differ widely in conception and detail, and this has led many hasty investigators to form the conclusion that they were therefore of separate origin. But careful study has proved that they accord with all great mythological systems in their fundamental principles, and therefore with each other. The idea of God, often strange and grotesque perhaps, were nevertheless powerfully expressed in the Indian mythologies. Each division of the race possessed its own word to signify 'spirit.' Some of these words meant 'that which is above,' 'the higher one,' 'the invisible,' and these attributes accorded to deity show that the original Indian conception of it was practically the same as those which obtained among the primitive peoples of Europe and Asia. The idea of God was that of a great prevailing force who resided in 'the sky'."

* * *

"To turn to more substantial conclusions concerning the racial affinities of the Red Man, we find that it is only within very recent times that anything like a reasoned scientific argument has been arrived at. Founding upon recently acquired geological, anthropological, and linguistic knowledge, inquirers into the deeper realms of American ethnology have solved the question of how the Western Hemisphere was peopled, and the arguments they adduce are so convincing in their nature as to leave no doubt in the minds of unbiased persons.

It is now admitted that the presence of man in the Old World dates from an epoch so far distant as to be calculated only by reference to geological periods of which we know the succession but not the duration, and research has proved that the same holds good of the western hemisphere. Although man undoubtedly found his way from the Old World to the New, the period at which he did so is so remote that for all practical purposes he may be said to have peopled both hemispheres simultaneously. Indeed, his relative antiquity in each has no bearing on the history of his advancement."

* * *

"The advance in civilization attained by the peoples of America must be regarded as among the most striking phenomena in the history of mankind, especially if it be viewed as an example of what can be achieved by isolated races occupying a peculiar environment. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the cultures and mythologies of old Mexico and Peru were evolved without foreign assistance or intervention, that, in fact, they were distinctively and

solely the fruit of American aboriginal thought evolved upon American soil. An absorbing chapter in the story of human advancement is provided by these peoples, whose architecture, arts, graphic and plastic, laws and religions prove them to have been the equals of most of the Asiatic nations of antiquity, and the superiors of the primitive races of Europe, who entered into the heritage of civilization through the gateway of the East. The aborigines of ancient America had evolved for themselves a system of writing which at the period of their discovery was approaching the alphabetic type, a mathematical system unique and by no means despicable, and an architectural science in some respects superior to any of which the Old World could boast. Their legal codes were reasonable, and founded upon justice; and if their religions were tainted with cruelty, it was a cruelty which they regarded as inevitable, and as the doom placed upon them by sanguinary and insatiable deities and not by any human agency."

* * *

"The native American priesthood, whether known as medicine men, *shamans*, or wizards, were in most tribes a caste apart, exercising not only the priestly functions, but those of physician and prophet as well. The name 'medicine-men' therefore, is scarcely a misnomer. They were skilled in the handling of occult forces such as hypnotism, and thus exercising unlimited sway over the rank and file of the tribe. But we shall first consider them in their religious aspect. In many of the Indian tribes the priesthood was a hereditary office; in others it was obtained through natural fitness or revelation in dreams.

It was, however, as healers that the medicine-men were pre-eminent. The Indian assigns all illness or bodily discomfort to supernatural agency. He cannot comprehend that indisposition may arise within his own system, but believes that it must necessarily proceed from some external source. Some supernatural being whom he has offended, the soul of an animal which he has slain, or perhaps a malevolent sorcerer torments him. If the bodies of mankind were not afflicted in this mysterious manner their owners would endure forever. When the Indian falls sick he betakes himself to a medicine-man, to whom he relates his symptoms, at the same time acquainting him with any circumstances which he may suspect of having brought about his condition."

* * *

"If human interest is craved for by any man, let him turn to the narratives of Garcilasso el Inca de la Vega and Ixtilxochitl, representatives and last descendants of the Peruvian and Tezcucan monarchies, and read there the frightful story of the path to fortune of red-heeled Pizarro and cruel Cortes, of the horrible cruelties committed upon the red man, whose colour was 'that of the devil,' of the awful pageant of gold-sated pirates laden with the treasures of palaces, of the stripping of temples whose very bricks were of gold, whose very drain-pipes were of silver, of rapine, and the sacrilege of high places, of porphyry gods dashed down the pyramidal sides of lofty *teocallis*, of princesses torn from the very steps of the throne—ay, read these for the most wondrous tales ever writ by the hand of man, tales by the side of which the fables of Araby seem dim—the story of a clash of worlds, the conquest of a new, of an isolated hemisphere."

"Apart from the treatment which they meted out to the subject races under their sway, the rule of the Inca monarchs was enlightened and contained the elements of high civilization. It is scarcely clear whether the Inca race arrived in the country at such a date as would have permitted them to profit by adopting the arts and sciences of the Andean people who preceeded them. But it may be affirmed that their arrival considerably post-dated the fall of the megalithic empire of the Andeans, so that in reality their civilization was of their own manufacture. As architects they were by no means the inferiors of the prehistoric race, if the examples of their art did not bulk so massively, and the engineering skill with which they pushed along, straight tunnels through vast mountains and bridged seemingly impassable gorges still excites the wonder of modern experts. They also made long, straight roads after the most improved macadamized model. Their temples and palaces were adorned with gold and silver images and ornaments; symptuous baths supplied with hot and cold water by means of pipes laid in the earth were to be found in the mansions of the nobility, and much luxury and real comfort prevailed."

* * *

"Most of the tribes of North America had evolved a rude system of picture-writing. This consisted, for the most part, of figures of natural objects connected by symbols having arbitrary or fixed meanings. Thus the system was both ideographic and pictographic; that is, it represented to some extent abstract ideas as well as concrete objects. These scripts possessed so many arbitrary characters, and again so many symbols which possessed different meanings under varying circumstances, that to interpret them is a task of the greatest complexity. They were usually employed in the compilation of the seasonal calendars, and sometimes the records of the tribe were preserved by their means."

* * *

"The utmost severity attached to the observation of totemic law and custom, to break which was regarded as a serious crime. Indeed, no one ever thought of infringing it, so powerful are habit and the force of association. It is not necessary to specify here the numerous customs which may be regarded as the outcome of the totemic system, for many of these have little in common with mythology proper. It will suffice to say that they were observed with a rigour beside which the rules of the religions of civilized peoples appear lax and indulgent."

NEW MATERIAL

41817-41970—PROCURED FROM A. F. STEELS, HYDE PARK CORNERS, ONTARIO.

- 41817—Large black stone gorget, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41818—Part of sandstone gorget, Lot 28, Con. 5, London Tp.
- 41819—Unfinished pendant, Lot 28, Con. 5, London Tp.
- 41820—Small gorget or pendant, Lot 29, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41821—Large slate hatchet-shaped implement, Lot 30, Con. 5, London Tp.
- 41822—Unfinished sandstone pipe, Lot 26, Con. 3, London Tp.
- 41823—Clay pipe, Lot 26, Con. 3, London Tp.
- 41824-41826—Clay pipe bowls, Lot 3, Con. 5, London Tp.
- 41827—Stone pipe, Lot 28, Con. 3, London Tp.
- 41828—Shell bead, Lot 29, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41829—Stone pipe (fossil), Lot 28, Con. 3, London Tp.
- 41830—Stone pipe (fossil), Lot 31, Con. 3, London Tp.
- 41831-41832—Stone beads, Lot 29, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41833-41834—Fragments of bone, Lot 30, Con. 5, London Tp.
- 41835—Horn awl, Lot 30, Con. 5, London Tp.
- 41836—Stem of clay pipe, Lot 30, Con. 5, London Tp.
- 41837-41840—Bone beads, Lot 30, Con. 5, London Tp.
- 41841-41861—Bone awls, Lot 30, Con. 5, London Tp.
- 41862-41863—Horn awls, Lot 30, Con. 5, London Tp.
- 41864-41867—Fragments of gorgets, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41868—Slate implement, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41869-41888—Stone axes, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41889—Sandstone pestle, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41890-41892—Stone gouges, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41893-41900—Stone axes, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41901-41905—Stone Axes, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41906-41913—Hammer stones, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41914—Horn implement, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41915-41916—Stone implements, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41917—Discoidal stone, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41918-41919—Stone axes, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41920—Twenty fragments of pottery, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41921—Twenty fragments of pottery, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41922—Thirty fragments of pottery, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41923—Thirty fragments of pottery, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41924—Twenty-four fragments of clay pipes, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41925—Fifty chert arrow-heads, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41926—Fifty chert arrow-heads, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41927—Sixty-eight chert specimens, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41928—Thirty chert specimens, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41929—Twenty-three chert specimens, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41930—Curved chert implement, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41931—Bird amulet (head off), Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41932-41936—Scrapers (chert), Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41937—Curved piece of slate (showing work), Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41938—Shell ornament, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41939-41940—Drills (chert), Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41941-41943—Fragments of drills, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41944-41949—Small adzes or chisels, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41950—Small chert implement, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.
- 41951-41970—Arrow-heads, Lot 30, Con. 4, London Tp.

41971-42370—PROCURED FROM W. H. G. COLLES, CHATHAM, ONTARIO.

- 41971-41981—Hammer stones.
- 41982-41987—Stone gouges.
- 41988—Ice pick (slate).
- 41989—War club—Northwest Territories.
- 41990-41993—Grooved axes.
- 41994—Hammer stone.
- 41995—Round flat stone—hollowed.
- 41996-42000—Perfectly round stones.
- 42001-42037—Stone axes or adzes.

- 42038—Ice pick.
 42039—Catlinite pipe.
 42040—Stone tube.
 42041—Bird amulet.
 42042—Bar amulet.
 42043—Stone tube.
 42044-42054—Gorgetts.
 42055—Bird amulet.
 42056-42057—Perfectly round stones.
 42058—Well-finished stone object, hollowed out on the under side, with two holes drilled upwards and one hole through the side.
 42059—Unfinished banner stone.
 42060—Fragment of banner stone.
 42061-42064—Butterfly banner stones.
 42065—Oval-shaped stone tube.
 42066-42067—Banner stones.
 42068—Large chert head—not notched.
 42069—Large chert head, notched.
 42070—Chert implement, sharp at both ends.
 42071—Copper spear-head, Kent County.
 42072—Snake-like piece of slate showing considerable work.
 42073—T-shaped object of Huronian slate.
 42074—Unfinished object of soapstone.
 42075—Clay pot.
 42076—Head of a bird amulet.
 42077-42083—Clay pipes, Kent County.
 42084-42088—Stone pipes, Kent County.
 42089-42092—Slate implements, Kent County.
 42093—Stone bead, Kent County.
 42094-42095—Stone discs, Kent County.
 42096-42099—Arrow-heads (obsidian), California, U.S.A.
 42100-42102—Scrapers (chert).
 42103-42115—Arrow-heads (dark gray and black chert).
 42116-42140—Arrow-heads, Kent County.
 42141-42143—Large spear-heads, U.S.A.
 42144-42145—Large spear-heads, Kent County.
 42146-42200—Notched arrow-heads, Kent County.
 42201-42216—Leaf-shaped flints, Kent County.
 42217-42295—Chert heads, scrapers, etc., Kent County.
 42296—White chert head, Illinois, U.S.A.
 42297-42298—Quartz arrow-heads, Arizona, U.S.A.
 42299-42306—Drills (flint), Tennessee, U.S.A.
 42307-42309—Arrow-heads, Mississippi, U.S.A.
 42310-42311—Arrow-heads, Missouri, U.S.A.
 42312—Arrow-head, Tennessee, U.S.A.
 42313—Arrow-head, New York State, U.S.A.
 42314-42318—Arrow-heads, Ohio, U.S.A.
 42319-42332—Perfect arrow-heads, Kent County.
 42333-42353—Small perfect arrow-heads, Kent County.
 42354-42362—Arrow-heads, Kent County.
 42363—Fragment of pottery, Kent County.
 42364—Small limestone implement, Kent County.
 42365-42367—Hammer stones (chert), Kent County.
 42368—Pestle, 18 inches long, Kent County.
 42369—Pestle, 19 inches long, Kent County.
 42370—Fragment of pestle, Kent County.

42371—GIFT OF W. H. G. COLLES, CHATHAM, ONTARIO.

42371—Perfect gorget (black), Kent County.

42372-42382—GIFT OF FRANK EAMES, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

- 42372—Horn hair lariat, Battleford, Northwest Territories.
 42373—Stone adze, Chippewa.
 42374—Spear-head (chert), collected by Earl Winger, Stevensville, Ontario.
 42375—Spear-head (chert), mouth of Black Creek, Niagara Falls, Ont.
 42376-42378—Fragments of pottery, banks of the Niagara River.
 42379-42381—Arrow-heads, banks of the Niagara River.
 42382—Metal ring, found at a spring, South Lake, Ontario.

42383—GIFT OF J. N. LYNDE, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

42383—Stone adze, Whitby Tp., Ontario County.

42384-42391—PROCURED FROM H. A. VAN WINCKEL, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

42384—Carved stone turtle head, Kent County.

42385—Fish (stone), Kent County.

42386—Human head (stone), Kent County.

42387—Pipe bowl stone (human head), Kent County.

42388—Slate spear.

42389—Owl in sitting position (stone), Kent County.

42390—Serpent wound around a stump, Kent County.

42391—Bird form (stone), hole bored in tail, similar to a pipe, stem hole unfinished, Wayne Co., Mich., U.S.A.

42392-42393—GIFT OF COL. GEO. E. LAIDLAW, VICTORIA ROAD, ONTARIO.

42392—Copper spear point, Eldon Tp.

42393—Flash pan of flintlock gun, Eldon Tp.

42394—GIFT OF REV. FATHER PAPINEAU, LITTLE CURRENT, ONTARIO.

42394—Inlaid slate pipe.

42395—GIFT OF MILTON VIRTUE, DETROIT, MICH., U.S.A.

42395—Arrow-head.

42396-42409—GIFT OF F. D. MCLENNAN, CORNWALL, ONTARIO.

42396-42400—Various types of clay heads, San Geronimo, Mexico.

42401—Upper part of small clay figure, San Geronimo, Mexico.

42402-42409—Clay counters or whorls, San Geronimo, Mexico.

42410-42425—BY EXCHANGE WITH DR. W. C. BARNARD, SENECA, MO., U.S.A.

42410—Wooden doll, with dress and snowshoes.

42411—Fur pants.

42412—Fur pants, "Harbour seal."

42413—Fur pants, "Harbour seal."

42414—Fur coat.

42415—Fur coat, "Harbour seal."

42416—Fur boots.

42417—Boots, sealhide.

42418—Moccasins, sealhide.

42419—Shirt, sealskin.

42420—Shirt, sealskin.

42421—Arctic dog sled robe.

42422—Dog whip.

42423—Wooden frame for carrying baby.

42424—Painted tapa cloth.

42425—Object made from various skins.

42426-42446—PROCURED FROM W. B. BEMISTER, BEAVERTON, ONTARIO.

42426—Pair of beaded moccasins (Sioux).

42427—Stick (Blood).

42428—Beaded necklace (Blood).

42429—War feathers (Blood).

42430—Beaded paint bag (Blood).

42431—War feathers (owned by Red Crow, Chief of the Blackfoot Tribe).

42432—Pair of moccasins, worked with quills (Blackfoot).

42433—Pouch, beaded.

42434—Pair gloves (Sioux), Wood Mountain, 1883.

42435—Beaded case, for bone needles (Blood).

42436—Small beaded bag (Sioux).

42437—Iron axe, found at Frog Lake.

42438-42439—Stone axes, found at Frog Lake.

42440-42441—Stone axes, found at Pagan Reserve.

42442—Part of flint lock gun, Red River.

42443—Brass wire necklace, Red Crowfoot's squaw, Chief of Blackfoot Tribe.

42444-42445—Brass wire bracelets, Red Crowfoot's squaw, Chief of Blackfoot Tribe.

42446—Brass finger rings, Red Crowfoot's squaw, Chief of Blackfoot Tribe.

42447-42459—PROCURED FROM C. A. CASE, ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO.

- 42447—Red flannel shirt, heavily beaded.
- 42448—Beaded tobacco bag.
- 42449—Beaded buckskin gun cover.
- 42450—Beaded buckskin coat.
- 42451—Leather belt with hanging beaded decoration.
- 42452—Child's beaded buckskin coat.
- 42453—Squaw's beaded necklace.
- 42454—Pair of beaded moccasins.
- 42455—Stone war club, beaded handle.
- 42456—Clay pot, perfect.
- 42457—Beaded saddle bag.
- 42458—Stone war club, horse-hair handle.
- 42459—Pair of beaded moccasins.

42460-42755—GIFT OF THE LATE DR. GEO. A. FRASER, PARKHILL, ONTARIO.
(LEFT BY WILL.)

- 42460—Butterfly banner stone.
- 42461-42465—Gorget.
- 42466—Part of gorget.
- 42467—Slate knife.
- 42468—Fragment of banner stone.
- 42469—Stone axe.
- 42470-42488—Gouges.
- 42489-42557—Arrow-heads, Western.
- 42558-42560—Quartz arrow-heads.
- 42561-42625—Chert arrow-heads.
- 42626-42629—Obsidian arrow-heads.
- 42630-42682—Chert arrow-heads.
- 42683-42719—Chert arrow-heads.
- 42720—Fragments of pottery.
- 42721—Fragment of stone tube.
- 42722-42754—Flint arrow-heads.
- 42755—Fossils.

42756-42796—COLLECTED BY DR. R. B. ORR, INDIAN VILLAGE SITE, MASTER
HEIGHTS, ROSELAWN AVE., N. TORONTO.

- 42756-42759—Clay pipe bowls.
- 42760-42764—Fragments of clay pipe bowls.
- 42765-42769—Clay pipe stems.
- 42770—Part of human skull.
- 42771—Bone needle.
- 42772—Large antler awl.
- 42773-42778—Bone needles.
- 42779-42781—Bone beads.
- 42782-42783—Foot Bones.
- 42784-42785—Teeth.
- 42786—Hammer stone.
- 42787—Axe or adze.
- 42788-42789—Stone implements.
- 42790-42792—Flint chips.
- 42793—Piece of hematite.
- 42794—Large piece of pottery.
- 42795—Five hundred pieces of pottery.
- 42796—Thirty-four shells.

42797-42971—PROCURED FROM W. H. G. COLLES, CHATHAM, ONTARIO

- 42797—Stone pipe, near Morpeth, Howard tp.
- 42798—Catlinite pipe, modern, S. Dakota, U.S.A.
- 42799—Stone tube, Kent Co.
- 42800—Stone tube, Kent Co.
- 42801—Butterfly banner stone, Kent Co.
- 42802—Fragment of butterfly banner stone, Kent Co.
- 42803—Banner stone, Kent Co.
- 42804-42808—Gorget, Kent Co.
- 42809—Unfinished gorget, Kent Co.
- 42810—Stone pendant, Kent Co.
- 42811—Catlinite spear, modern, Northwest Territories.
- 42812—Clay pipe, Camden Tp.

- 42813—Grooved axe, Kent Co.
- 42814—Grooved hammer stone, Kent Co.
- 42815—42825—Grooved axes, Kent Co.
- 42826—42827—Hammer stones, Kent Co.
- 42828—42836—Round stones, Kent Co.
- 42837—42841—Drills, Kent Co.
- 42842—42847—Arrow-heads, chert, Kent Co.
- 42848—42856—Arrow-heads, chert. “
- 42857—42864—Arrow-heads, chert. “
- 42865—42879—Arrow-heads, chert. “
- 42880—42903—Arrow-heads, chert. “
- 42904—42928—Arrow-heads, chert. “
- 42929—42971—Arrow-heads, chert. “

42972—42974—GIFT OF WM. MANSELL, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

- 42972—Iron tomahawk, Baby Point, Toronto.
- 42973—Iron tomahawk, Baby Point, Toronto.
- 42974—Worked stone, Baby Point, Toronto.

42975—PROCURED FROM L. D. BROWN, ST. MARY'S, ONTARIO.

- 42975—Iron tomahawk.

42976—GIFT OF H. A. VAN WINCKEL, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

- 42976—Corn pounder, Leeds Co.

42977—42979—GIFT OF ROBT. E. FRISBY, ESTEVAN, SASK.

- 42977—42979—Petrified wood.

42980—43013—FROM ELGIN COUNTY, ONTARIO.

- 42980—42981—Quartz arrow-heads.
- 42982—42990—Flint arrow-heads.
- 42991—42993—Spearheads.
- 42994—42996—Fragments of slate knives.
- 42997—Fragment of spearhead.
- 42998—Fragment of ice pick, slate.
- 42999—Clay pipe bowl.
- 43000—Stone axe.
- 43001—43002—Fragments of axes.
- 43003—43004—Bone beads.
- 43005—Bone spear-point.
- 43006—Piece of worked bone.
- 43007—43009—Bear teeth.
- 43010—Brass armlet.
- 43011—43012—Flint arrow-heads.
- 43013—Polished slate.

43014—GIFT OF ANGUS BUIE, DUNTROON, ONTARIO.

- 43014—Iron tomahawk.

43015—43182—GIFT OF J. ALLAN BLAIR, DUNTROON, ONTARIO.

- 43015—Stone pipe, N $\frac{1}{2}$ Lot 26, Con. 10, Nottawasaga Tp.
- 43016—Stone pipe stem, N $\frac{1}{2}$ Lot 26, Con. 10, Nottawasaga Tp.
- 43017—Unfinished stone pipe, N $\frac{1}{2}$ Lot 26, Con. 10, Nottawasaga Tp.
- 43018—Two pieces of catlinite, N $\frac{1}{2}$ Lot 26, Con. 10, Nottawasaga Tp.
- 43019—Clay pipe bowl, Lot 29, Con. 11, Nottawasaga Tp.
- 43020—Fragment of clay pipe.
- 43021—Fragment of clay pipe bowl.
- 43022—Fragments of clay pipe stems (3).
- 43023—Chert scrapers (3).
- 43024—Arrow-heads (6).
- 43025—Gambling stones (3).
- 43026—Fragments of shell (5)
- 43027—Wampum bead.
- 43028—One bead, two fragments.
- 43029—Two pieces of bronze.
- 43030—Piece of pottery.
- 43031—Bear's tooth.

- 43032—Soapstone pipe, Lots 28 and 29, Con. 9, Nottawasaga Tp.
 43033—Fragment of sandstone pipe, Lots 28 and 29, Con. 9, Nottawasaga Tp.
 43034—Stone pipe, Lots 28 and 29, Con. 9, Nottawasaga Tp.
 43035—Unfinished stone pipe, Lots 28 and 29, Con. 9, Nottawasaga Tp.
 43036-43038—Carved human heads, Lots 28 and 29, Con. 9, Nottawasaga Tp.
 43039—Carved owl head, Lots 28 and 29, Con. 9, Nottawasaga Tp.
 43040—Carved wolf head, Lots 28 and 29, Con. 9, Nottawasaga Tp.
 43041—Stone paint pot, Lots 28 and 29, Con. 9, Nottawasaga Tp.
 43042—Unfinished stone pipe, Lots 28 and 29, Con. 9, Nottawasaga Tp.
 43043—Unfinished pipe stem, Lots 28 and 29, Con. 9, Nottawasaga Tp.
 43044-43048—Fragments of stone pipes.
 43049—Eleven gambling stones.
 43050—Piece of catlinite.
 43051—Stone implement.
 43052-43053—Pieces of worked stone.
 43054—Stone axe.
 43055-43058—Stone pipe stems.
 43059-43062—Unfinished pipes.
 43063-43072—Worked stones.
 43073—Two stone ear rings.
 43074—Fragment of calcite pipe.
 43075—Two pieces of catlinite.
 43076-43102—Fragments of clay pipes.
 43103—Sixteen fragments of clay pipes.
 43104—Clay owl head, fragment.
 43105—Eagle head.
 43106-43110—Clay pipe stems.
 43111-43142—Clay pipe stems.
 43143-43149—Bone beads.
 43150—Bone spear.
 43151-43155—Bears' teeth.
 43156—String of wampum beads (18).
 43157—Canoe-shaped piece of shell.
 43158-43159—Pieces of shell.
 43160—Twenty-four pieces of shell wampum.
 43161-43162—Scrapers.
 43163—Spear-head.
 43164—Forty-eight arrow-heads.
 43165—Copper bead.
 43166—Bronze furrel.
 43167—Five bronze bangles.
 43168-43169—Sheet copper bangles.
 43170-43171—Copper lugs.
 43172-43176—Axes or adzes.
 43177-43178—Stone implement.
 43179—Thirty-four fragments of pottery.
 43180—Charred corn.
 43181—Three water-worn stones.
 43182—String of shells (12).

43183-43184—GIFT OF WM. CARRELL, INDIAN HEAD, SASKATCHEWAN.

- 43183—Pemican pounder, picked up near the remains of a Teepe, White Bear, Coulee, Sask.,
 July 10th, 1925.
 43184—Pemican pounder, picked up in White Bear, Coulee, Sask., July 14th, 1925.

43185-43187—GIFT OF JAS. MCPHERSON, DUNDALK, ONTARIO.

- 43185-43187—Spear-heads.

43188-43192—GIFT OF A. E. COOPER, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

- 43188-43190—Chert spear-heads, Lot 5 and 6, Con. 1, Scarborough Tp.
 43191-43192—Chert spear-heads, Lot 5 and 6, Con. 1, Scarborough Tp.

43193—GIFT OF THOS. COE, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

- 43193—Eleven water-worn stones, Humber Valley, Toronto, Ontario.

43194-43221—GIFT OF GEORGE YEOMAN, BRACEBRIDGE, ONTARIO.

- 43194—Fragment of gouge.
- 43195—Rubbing stone.
- 43196-43203—Chert arrow-heads.
- 43204-43206—Chert spears.
- 43207-43209—Chert scrapers.
- 43210—Slate scraper.
- 43211—Scraper (quartz).
- 43212-43218—Fragments of quartz spears.
- 43219—Fragment of pottery.
- 43220—Sandstone pipe.
- 43221—Fossilized deer antler.

43222-43228—GIFT OF J. ALLAN BLAIR, DUNTROON, ONTARIO.

- 43222-43224—Fragments of stone pipes.
- 43225—Fragment of clay pipe.
- 43226—Ceremonial stone (fish's head).
- 43227—Shell gorget.
- 43228—Deer antler.

43229-43235—MURRAY COLLECTION.

- 43229—Gorget.
- 43230—Stone axe.
- 43231—Gorget.
- 43232—Fragment of gorget.
- 43233—Spear-head.
- 43234—Chert drill.
- 43235—Bone awl.

43236-43253—GIFT OF CHAS. S. SOVEREIGN, WATERFORD, ONTARIO.

- 43236-43237—Axes or adzes.
- 43238—Granite gambling stone.
- 43239-43240—Rubbing stones.
- 43241—Sixteen chert arrow-heads.
- 43242-43252—Chert spearheads.
- 43253—Chert scraper.

43254—GIFT OF MESSRS. HUMPHREY BROS., HIGHLAND CREEK, ONTARIO.

- 43254—Clay pipe, found on Lot 12, Con. 2, Scarborough Tp., ploughed out in a little rolled ground near a spring creek.

43255—GIFT OF FRANK EAMES, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

- 43255—Bird amulet.

43256—GIFT OF L. D. BROWN, ST. MARY'S, ONTARIO.

- 43256—Broad axe, found in the bottom of an old sunken boat in the River Thames, near Chatham, Ontario.

43257-43328—GIFT OF THE DIRECTOR.

- 43257-43262—Bone awls.
- 43263—Bear tooth.
- 43264-43266—Clay pipe stems.
- 43267-43268—Pottery markers.
- 43269—Worked stone.
- 43270—Fragment of pottery.
- 43271—Wampum bead.
- 43272—Axe or adze.
- 43273—Rubbing stone.
- 43274-43281—Axes or adzes.
- 43282—Seven chert drills.
- 43283—Sixteen arrow-heads, Arizona.
- 43284-43289—Stone sinkers.
- 43290—Round stone.
- 43291—Pipe stem.
- 43292—Ten chert scrapers.
- 43293—Eighty chert arrow-heads.

- 43294—Forty-two chert arrow-heads.
- 43295—One hundred and twenty-five chert arrow-heads.
- 43296—One hundred and thirty-seven chert arrow-heads.
- 43297—Seventy-four chert spear-heads.
- 43298—Forty-two chert spear-heads.
- 43299—Fifty-two chert spear-heads.
- 43300—Seventy-seven chert spear-heads.
- 43301—Ninety-five unusual chert objects.
- 43302—Four drills.
- 43303—One hundred and ten arrow-heads.
- 43304—Gambling stone.
- 43305—Five fragments of clay pipe stems.
- 43306—Three fragments of clay pipe bowls.
- 43307—Copper arrow-head.
- 43308—Five fragments of axes.
- 43309—Six stone sinkers.
- 43310—Six flints for flint lock gun.
- 43311—Five fragments of clay pipe bowls.
- 43312—Four fragments of clay pipe stems.
- 43313—Hammer stone.
- 43314—Stone axe.
- 43315—Quartz arrow-head.
- 43316—Iron knife.
- 43317—String of shell beads.
- 43318—Ninety-five chert arrow-heads.
- 43319—Bone needle.
- 43320—Sixty chert arrow-heads.
- 43321—Seventy chert spear-heads.
- 43322—Nine chert arrow-heads.
- 43323—Two chert spear-heads.
- 43324—Two fragments of pottery.
- 43325—Four fragments of clay pipe stems.
- 43326—Stone bead.
- 43327—Stone sinker.
- 43328—Axe or adze.

43329-43330—GIFT OF J. N. LYNDE, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

- 43329—Chert arrow-head, found on S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 20, 46-13 west 4th principal meridian, near Viking, Alberta.
- 43330—Chert arrow-head, Whitby, Ontario.

Nos. 43331-43529—GIFT OF THE LATE COL. GEO. E. LAIDLAW

- 43331—Wreath of feather flowers.
- 43332—Wreath of horsehair flowers.
- 43333-43335—Turtle rattles.
- 43336-43337—Horn rattles.
- 43338—Wooden rattle.
- 43339—Tom tom and stick.
- 43340-43341—Dance knee bands.
- 43342-43346—Wooden false faces.
- 43347—Corn mask.
- 43348—Tomahawk.
- 43349—War club (stone).
- 43350-43351—Beaded saddles.
- 43352—Saddle cloth.
- 43353—Buckskin child's coat.
- 43354—War club.
- 43355-43357—Quirts.
- 43358—Tomahawk pipe.
- 43359—Beaded bird ornament.
- 43360—Beaded turtle ornament.
- 43361-43363—Beaded ornaments.
- 43364—Tobacco pouch.
- 43365-43366—Beaded money bags.
- 43367—Pair of moccasins.
- 43368-43369—Beaded necklaces.
- 43370-43371—Beaded arm bands.
- 43372—Beaded sask.
- 43373—Pair of shraps.
- 43374—Beaded leather belt.

- 43375—String of beads and seeds.
- 43376—Indian hoe.
- 43377—Indian cradle with two dolls.
- 43378—Pair of Indian dolls, Cayuga.
- 43379—Indian doll, Mohawk.
- 43380-43382—Plaster casts of flint spearheads.

BASKETS

- 43383-43412—Birch-bark baskets, worked with porcupine quills.
- 43413-43414—Trays worked with porcupine quills.
- 43415—Birch-bark whisk holder.
- 43416—Three birch-bark napkin rings.
- 43417—Birch-bark sap bucket.
- 43418—Birch-bark jardiniere.
- 43419—Birch-bark box.
- 43420—Birch-bark waste paper basket.
- 43421-43442—Basswood baskets.
- 43442-43445—Basswood paper holders.
- 43446—Large basket ornament made up of sixteen smaller baskets.
- 43447—Small market basket.
- 43448-43452—Reed baskets.
- 43453—Small basket made from wheat straw.
- 43454—Small basket made from corn husks.
- 43455—Straw ornament.
- 43456-43459—Photo frames worked with porcupine quills.
- 43460—Jaw bone of a deer.
- 43461—Damaged modern Arizona pot.
- 43462—Rattle snake skin.
- 43463—Iron tomahawk.
- 43464—Axe or adze.
- 43465—Grooved stone hammer.

SOUTH AFRICAN MATERIAL

- 43466-43467—Wooden war clubs.
- 43468—Spear.
- 43469-43471—Spearheads.
- 43472—Spearhead and holder.
- 43473—Machete.
- 43474-43475—Buffalo horns.
- 43476-43477—Reed bags.
- 43478—Antelope horns.
- 43479—Zulu shield.
- 43480—Leopard skin.
- 43481—Sacred cow skin.
- 43482—Carved walking stick.
- 43483-43486—Walking sticks.
- 43487-43490—Spears.
- 43491—Snow snake—Western Canada.

GUNS AND SWORDS

- 43492—Boer sword.
- 43493-43495—Cavalry swords.
- 43496-43497—Generals' swords.
- 43498-43500—Flint lock pistols.
- 43501-43502—Cap pistol.
- 43503-43504—Horse pistols.
- 43505—Flint lock gun.
- 43506-43508—Muzzle loading shot guns.
- 43509-43511—British South African rifles, 1860, 1865, 1872.
- 43512-43514—Enfield rifles, 1882, 1886, 1889.
- 43515—Carbine, 1879.
- 43516—Mauser.
- 43517—British Enfield rifle, 1894.
- 43518—Modern bayonet.
- 43519—Old British bayonet.
- 43520-43523—Old French bayonets.
- 43524-43525—Leather shot flasks.
- 43526-43527—Copper shot flasks.
- 43528—Bandolier.
- 43529—Army belt.

GIFT OF JAS. MCPHERSON, DUNDALK, ONTARIO

43530—Axe.
43531—Axe.

GIFT OF FRANK EAMES, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

43532—Flint knife.

PROCURED FROM SAUL WENROTH, TORONTO, ONTARIO

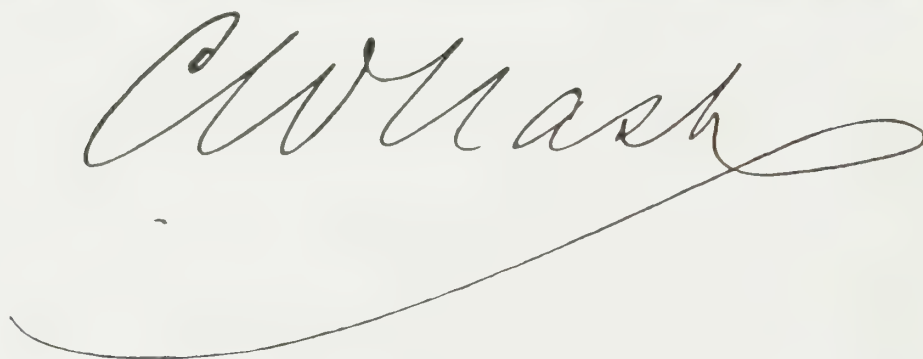
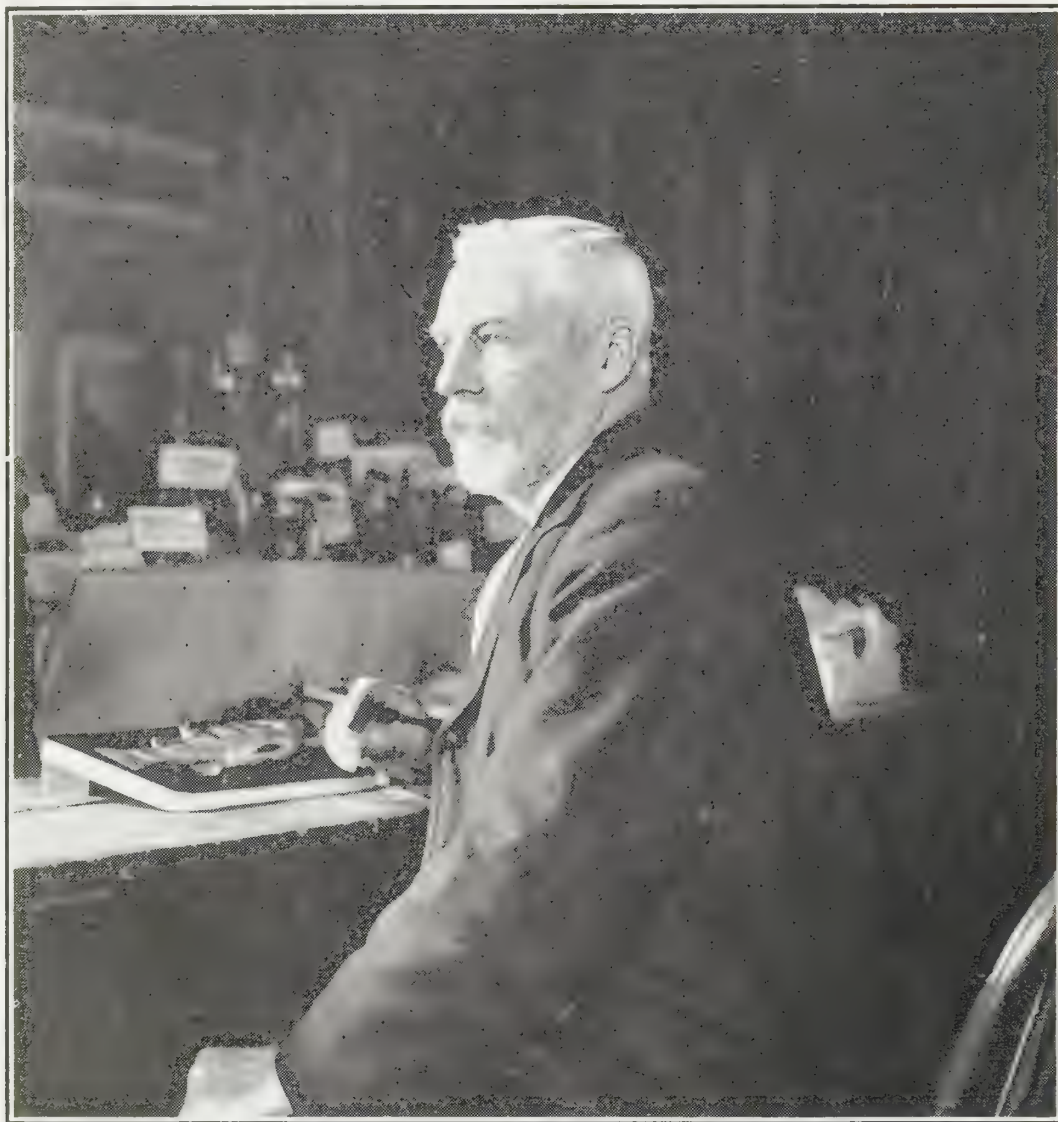
43533-43549—Clay vessels, Mexico.
43550-43564—Human clay heads.
43565-43568—Animal clay heads.
43569-43570—Clay sinkers.
43571—Clay object.
43572—Rubbing stone.
43573-43574—Wooden spoons, Western Canada.
43575-43580—Axes, Western Canada.
43581—Gouge, Western Canada.

GIFT OF THE DIRECTOR

43582—Leather bag.
43583—Silk worked leather bib.

THE LATE CHARLES WILLIAM NASH

Charles W. Nash, Biologist of the Provincial Museum, St. James Square, Toronto, for the past twenty-three years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. S. Sweatman, 250 Heath Street West, on February 12, 1926. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. H. S. Sweatman, and Mrs. L. Lacey, as well as by grandchildren. The funeral service and interment took place at Niagara-on-the-Lake on Monday, February 15th.



Mr. Nash was born at Bognor, Sussex, England, on August 15th, 1848, and received his education at Shoreham Grammar School. In February, 1877, he was married to Harriet B. Campbell, daughter of His Honour E. C. Campbell, late County Judge of Simcoe. Mrs. Nash predeceased him in 1920.

He came to Canada in 1869 when he would be twenty-one years of age, and here his earlier love of nature could find an outlet in a country where there was rare opportunity for the development of a sportsman and naturalist. Very shortly after his arrival in Canada he began lecturing on the subject of birds in relation to agriculture, and he took an early step in conservation by becoming a founder of a game and fish protective association at Hamilton, Ontario, about 1873. I think he has told me that he was the first secretary-treasurer of this Society, and it was founded at a time when game was abundant and when only a far-sighted man could foresee the great coming need for game protection.

Mr. Nash brought to Canada high ideals of sportsmanship and never missed an opportunity of teaching these in a country where the abundance of game and the pioneer conditions prevailing must have made them appear rather out of place.

He loved the frontier and in the late eighties went to Portage la Prairie and continued his natural history observations while practising law in that community. Many of these are included in Seton's "Birds of Manitoba," which, although published many years ago, now is still the outstanding ornithological work on the birds of the province.

In connection with sportsmanship, Mr. Nash was a lover and a breeder of good gun dogs. He kept the same hunting stock generation after generation, and these were of mixed Sussex and Norfolk Spaniel blood. It was always his argument that these large Spaniels were the best all-around hunting dogs for our country and the tremendous popularity of the Springer Spaniel, as the Norfolk is now called, in recent years shows how truly his insight into sport with the gun guided him in this particular. About 1899 he became an official of the Ontario Department of Agriculture and in this capacity lectured for year at the rate of 100 lectures per annum to farmers on such subjects as birds in relation to agriculture. In this capacity and later as Biologist of the Provincial Museum, he published extensively works which have done much to advance the knowledge of wild life and to advance the protection of wild life in Canada. In this field some of his published studies are: "Birds of Ontario in Relation to Agriculture," "Birds of the Garden," "Wild Fowl of Ontario," "Ways of the Woodcock," "Passing of the Pigeons," "The Bass of Ontario," "Game Fishes of Ontario," "Farmers' Handbook," "Farm Forestry," "Check List of the Birds of Ontario," and a "Manual of the Vertebrates of Ontario." This list is an extensive publication, including the vertebrates from batrachians and reptiles up to the mammals. He always took a keen interest in exhibitions of natural history work and for many years acted as judge in the natural history exhibits of the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto.

I well remember the first occasion on which I met Mr. Nash. It was a fine April morning and with another boy I was hunting for birds near the Kingston road, just about where the residence of Sir Donald Mann stands now. We had secured a Warbler as a specimen and did not know the species. Mr. Nash and his Spaniels happened along the road and, meeting us, at once identified the bird as a Pine Warbler, the first we had ever seen. This contact continued through many years and although we were separated by difference in age, this made no barrier in the case of Mr. Nash. On one occasion we planned and completed a short expedition to Point Pelee to study the bird migration. Mr. Nash was not a young man then, but his good sportsmanship and ability to meet cheerfully all sorts of circumstances made him a charming companion and a very instructive one. A keen sense of humour always pervaded our discus-

sions and while some persons might have taken his expressions of opinion as somewhat outspoken, and even blunt, he had a friendly heart to his fellow man as he did to the wild creatures. Many scores of times I have called on him and it must have been rather upsetting to his work to have been so popular with youthful visitors, but I was always courteously received and welcomed. Located as he was in the Normal School Building, his instruction was available for hundreds of teachers who scattered from this school to all parts of the Province, and certainly many of them took with them, when they left Toronto, some insight into wild life and its protection.

Mr. Nash worked unceasingly in perfecting the collections of the Museum, and extended his efforts over a wide range of subjects. He was an old-fashioned naturalist, and at home in many fields. He was particularly interested of late years in completing coloured casts of the fishes, batrachians and reptiles of Ontario, but in addition to this work in ichthyology and herpetology, he studied in the fields of entomology, mammalogy, and ornithology.

The effect of his educational work was to lay a foundation in wild life protection in Ontario on which we are building to-day, and which has proved invaluable as further wild life protection becomes necessary with the increase in the settlement of our Province. He was a naturalist of an old-time school that has practically disappeared in modern-day specialization, a conservationist of note, and an educationalist, who reached and touched the grown-ups as well as the youth of our Province and whose influence extended beyond its boundaries. Ontario, particularly, owes him a debt for his work along these lines, and yet to some of us he meant more than a naturalist, for he was a warm-hearted and true friend.

HOYES LLOYD.

HAMILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 2022 21335066 9